

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Morality in Labor Relations

HENRY M. WRIGHT

Faith, Hope and College

DAVID HENNESSEY

Toledo is Ours!

AILEEN O'BRIEN

"Boots" Breen—Gentleman

BRASSIL FITZGERALD

**A Passionist Missionary
in the Philippine Army**

MANUEL C. COLAYCO

Salazar and Portugal

CATHERINE DE HUECK

Jim and Jefferson

LAWRENCE LUCEY

End of the Open Road

AULEEN B. EBERHARDT

JULY, 1938



PRICE 20c

AMONG THOSE REMEMBERED

SOMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

* * *

May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of.....(\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.

UNION CITY, N. J.

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PERSONAL MENTION

• **A** LAYMAN's serious thoughts on *Morality in Labor Relations* are presented by HENRY M. WRIGHT. He insists that trade unionism must go on and that its members should take stock of their gains. But, even at the risk of leaving himself open to misinterpretation, he utters a warning that should not be ignored. As complete control of management over labor degrades the workingman to the status of a machine, so dictatorship by labor czars may result in what amounts to slavery for those whom they command.

Individual action and individual responsibility should not be neglected by men who have joined any movement. A balanced representation of management and labor must be achieved if justice is to be fulfilled. Their own interests, as well as the general good, will be best served by workingmen, who while demanding their rights keep in mind the rights of others. Such intelligent action will speed the day of economic and social justice.

• **W**HETHER or not it appears so on the surface, there are definite relationships between *Faith, Hope and College*. In indicting some of the doctrines delivered to youth by professors in secular colleges, DAVID HENNESSEY quotes directly from some of these moulders of students' minds.

We appeal especially to Catholic parents who are now planning on higher education for their children to read this provocative article. No considerations of social or financial connections can justify the risk to faith and morality which must be faced by youth in some of the secular institutions of learning. The author gives no general condemnation of such colleges, but exposes enough evidence to sound a needed warning.

• **I**F YOU care for a real American lad to whom loyalty and filial devotion meant more than "face," you will enjoy immensely the story, "*Boots*" Breen—Gentleman. You have read other contributions of BRASSIL FITZGERALD if you are following current Catholic literature. As promised before, we are publishing his picture with further biographical notes.



Brassil Fitzgerald

In 1917 he was a sophomore at Boston College and then a private in the "Fighting Irish" Ninth of the 26th Division. After a siege of illness and the completion of his studies he taught in Universities of Utah and Montana. In 1933 he resigned to resume his free-lancing. He has appeared in *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *The American Magazine*, *The Catholic World*, *America*, *Extension* and other well-known magazines.

• **S**OME notices have appeared in the Catholic Press of the organization of the Chaplain Corps in the Philippines. We believe our readers will be interested in a fuller account by MANUEL C. COLAYCO, of this important work of *A Passionist Missionary in the Philippine Army*. It is fortunate that steps have been taken to instruct and strengthen the faith of the young Filipinos. We venture to say that a better selection could not have been made than Fr. Edwin Ronan, C.P. to train the young chaplains. His own letter on page 758 of this issue is recommended to your attention.



Manuel C. Colayco

The author, a graduate of the Ateneo and now one of the faculty, is a member of the Philippine Islands Bar. First President of Catholic Action for Young Men, he is still assistant National Secretary. His activities include editorship of the *Commonweal Publications*, directorship of the Social Justice Crusade, lecturing and the production of a film portraying Communist influences in the Philippines. At this writing he is on his way to the United States from the Eucharistic Congress in Budapest. It is his intention to lecture for a couple of months while here.

• **M**UCH has been written of the siege of the Alcazar; little of the joy that possessed the people of Nationalist Spain when the news was flashed *Toledo is Ours!* Again AILEEN O'BRIEN has painted a word picture that is unforgettable. We can almost see the surge of emotion that relieved the long tension of waiting and anxiety and hope that would not die.

• **T**HOUGH not actually in the present war zone, our missionaries are having their own difficulties in the way of banditry. The latest reports from Hunan indicate that the highways are well patrolled, while back in the mountains lawless bands are doing much damage. There are prospects that these will soon be suppressed. Refugees from bombed cities are finding their way into the interior and the wounded are increasing in number.

Meanwhile a light-heartedness runs through the tales which our priests and Sisters send in for readers of *THE SIGN*. You will admire the spirit which is evident in *More Wuki Gossip*, *Hopes Realized*, *All of a Sunday Morn*, and *Toothache and Bombs*—all in this month's department—*THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA*. For our missionaries we ask the encouragement of your fervent prayers and your financial support.

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



The Heresy of Blood

HERESY is not noted for its humor. It is usually cold and grim and bitter. It lashes out with fury against those who oppose it. But, like all forms of intellectual pride, it garbs itself in the clownish attire of false theories and clamors for the unquestioning homage of the world. In the cycle of time its adherents glimpse some of their own foolishness and shift from one form to another until their original appearance has been almost forgotten. So the evil endures. And heresy becomes tragic not only in its original breaking away from truth, but in the strangle-hold it keeps on succeeding generations which inherit it.

Charity of course must be shown those who have fallen victims to error. Personal bitterness and hatred are not qualities which invite conversion. Humility will also prompt us to remember that God's grace alone can keep any of us from going astray. But for the sake of those who may be infected by heresy and for the honor of truth, words should not be spared in exposing and condemning the heresy itself.

To justify the persecution of the Catholic Church in Germany, to eradicate true religion and to pervert minds, the tenets of racism are boldly broadcast there under the guise of science. A timely warning, which calls attention to these dangerous theories, has lately been issued by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. In a letter to the faculties of Catholic institutions of higher learning many of the absurd dogmas are specifically named and vigorously condemned. These dogmas have been recognized as false from their first utterance. Now that they have been elevated from the personal opinions of a few to an honored place in a nation's belief, action must be taken.

ANYONE who has read the propaganda issued from Germany in recent years will agree that these condemned theories are no longer the imaginings of professors who are out of touch with the world, but the avowed principles from which many of the German leaders are shaping the destiny of their nation. The thinking world is astounded at the claim that "the vigor and blood purity of the race are to be preserved and cherished by every means possible and whatever leads to this end is in itself honest and licit; that from the blood in which the character of the race is identified flow all the qualities of man—intellectual and moral; that religion is subject to the law of the race and must be adapted to it; that individual men exist only for the 'State' and on account of the State and that whatever rights may pertain to them are derived solely from the concessions of the State."

History, philosophy, biology and other sciences refute these and similar theories. Yet such theories are being forced upon and drilled into an entire nation. In opposing them the Catholic Church finds itself in a state of desperate conflict. By some strange twist of logic the blood which flows in the veins of Catholic Germans is different from the blood of their fellow Germans who are not of the Faith. And, by another twist, the Catholic German's blood will become purified if he adapts himself to the doctrine of the State, the whole State and nothing but the State.

LEGITIMATE patriotism is virtuous. When it degenerates into self and racial idolatry it is ridiculous. Unfortunately the evil results of racism are not confined within national boundaries. Racism is an irritant both to those who are affected by it and to those who justly resent it. So it becomes one more cause of distrust, one more obstacle to peace.

That is why the world at large regards the idolatry of blood as both dangerous and foolish. Racism erects as many barriers to good will and harmony, to international order and adjustment as there are persons possessed with the delusion. The common ground for discussion and understanding is taken away. Men cannot talk as equals to those who regard them as essentially and hopelessly inferior. They will be strongly tempted to invoke force for the ends which peaceful agreements might readily have accomplished. The world recognizes this and is preparing against that evil day when the blood of the "super-men" and the blood of their enemies will mingle and be forgotten on the field of battle.

It is especially repugnant to Christians who should and do know that we are all the children of our Father in Heaven, that the spirit of God breatheth where it will, and that the Almighty chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong.

There is One, only One Whose Precious Blood is Supreme—our Divine Saviour, Jesus Christ. Redeemed by it in His Passion and nourished by it in the Blessed Sacrament, we are neither slaves nor supermen. We are brothers. When this is acknowledged and acted upon we shall have the peace which Christ promised and which no theory of class or racial or blood superiority can give.

Father Theophane Maguire O.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **THE WAGE-HOUR BILL** which Congress passed in the closing days of the last session provides a minimum wage of twenty-five cents an hour the first year and thirty cents the second year.

Federal Wage-Hour Bill

It establishes wage boards for each industry with power to fix minimum wages of forty cents an hour. Maximum hours are fixed at forty-four hours a week the first year, forty-two the second and forty the third year.

The objectives of this Bill are undoubtedly of the very best. Its purpose is to raise the standard of living of those who at present are forced to work long hours for small pay. But, as we have pointed out before, it is not at all certain that the Wage-Hour Bill will accomplish this purpose. Standards of living cannot be legislated upward by a governmental fiat. They depend on a variety of circumstances which, it is to be feared, may not be favorably affected by federal legislation of this type.

At present we do not know with any degree of certainty what will be the effects of federal legislation in this field, as we have no precedents from which to judge. The Wage-Hour Bill is an experiment, a thrust in the dark. There is a possibility that, as its backers argue, it will result in an increased spending power for many workers with a consequent increase in production and employment. But it is also possible that its opponents are right when they assert that it will result in the laying off of employees not considered worth the minimum pay, that the higher pay and shorter hours will result in higher prices of goods with a consequence of lower sales and less employment.

Until a profound study of this subject is made in all its ramifications it would seem more prudent to work for a higher standard of living for low-paid workers through state legislation and through increased unionization of laborers in those industries in which long hours and low wages prevail.

• • •

• **AS BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR**, the Most Rev. Richard Fitzgerald has viewed the Spanish conflict from a distinct point of vantage. He has not depended on censored and

Poisoning the Wells of History

biased news reports, but has formed his judgment from what he has seen or has had confirmed by direct and reliable testimony.

Priests have shown me their hands, pledged and bleeding. Peasants have told me they favored Franco because he is just and faithful. They want no more of the skull-cracking gangsters of the Barcelona régime who would make the excesses of an African kraal look like a picture of Paradise.

His tribute to Franco's character, his recognition of the enormous post-war problems which await that leader, his assertion that other powers will get no foot-

hold on Spanish soil—these and other statements to Father Joseph Thorning and John V. Hinkel of the N.C.W.C. News Service, should be widely circulated. The Bishop observed that huge quantities of war material which are finding their way across the Franco-Spanish frontier have caused the struggle to be protracted.

Especially noteworthy were the remarks of the Bishop of Gibraltar on the Press and on the effects which present reporting will have on the yet unwritten story of this struggle:

My foremost impression of the Spanish civil war is a profound realization of the power of the secular press—for evil! There never has been such a fraud perpetrated upon the public. The truth has been obscured by a constant stream of misrepresentations in the secular press. Certain news writers have poisoned our history for many future generations.

Because religion has such a vital stake in Spain, the Catholic Press had a particularly important rôle thrust upon it—to report the real issues involved in this war. This it has done in a splendid manner. From personal observation I have found the most accurate accounts of the war in the Catholic Press.

Here is another urgent reason for getting the facts on Spain. Not only must readers of today be informed of the truth there, but the record must be kept straight for historians of the future. But for very few exceptions, the Catholic Press of the world has alone given a true, adequate and impartial picture of this tremendously important conflict. It is to the Catholic Press of today that the future writers will have to go if they are to write authentic history.

• • •

• **ON THE FOURTH OF JULY** of each year the United States celebrates the signing of the Declaration of Independence. That Declaration outlines the reasons for

Franco and the American Rebels

the rebellion of the thirteen colonies against the legitimately established government of England. It has been very well suggested that the Nationalists in Spain could adopt it as a summary of the reason for their revolt against the "legitimate and democratic" government of Spain.

With this in mind, read the following two paragraphs from the Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed—that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to

them shall seem likely to effect their safety and happiness.

"Prudence indeed will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such a Government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

If anything, this is a weak presentation of the cause of the Nationalists. Their reasons for rising in arms were immeasurably greater and more numerous than those of the American colonists. One would hardly think so, however, were one to judge by the epithets heaped upon them by many of the admirers of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and other American "rebels."

• • •

• **SHOULD** the youth of America be taught Communism in our colleges and universities? The question is not should they be given a knowledge of Communism, but

Communism in Our Colleges

rather should they be taught Communism by Communist professors who would be advocates of that doctrine and who would therefore teach

with a view to securing acceptance of Communism by the students.

Professor Alexander Meiklejohn, well-known American educator, answers affirmatively in an article in the June *Harper's* on "Teachers and Controversial Questions." He proposes Communism as an example of a controversial question which should be discussed in the classrooms by professors advocating our present system and also by professors advocating Communism.

Indeed the Professor is quite emphatic about it. At one point in his argument he says:

School boards and trustees of colleges and universities have a heavy responsibility. They must see to it that among our teachers there is an adequate supply of "Communists," of able, fearless, outspoken advocates of the unpopular view. It must be arranged by the authorities that both sides of fundamental issues shall be represented by teachers who believe in them. Under the actual conditions of democratic life the practical question facing a governing board is not "Shall we have 'Communists' on our faculties?" but rather "How can we get enough 'Communists' to give proper expression of views which run counter to the general trend of habit, emotion, interest, of the community at large?"

Now what are the reasons which have induced Professor Meiklejohn to adopt this view? He states them in the following paragraph:

Now it is the crowning glory of America that we have, from the start, pledged ourselves to the creation of a program of government by free discussion. "Congress shall make no law," says the First Amendment, "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." And that statement defines for the American teacher the nature of the society which he serves. It is for life in a community of free discussion that he must educate his pupils.

It seems to us that the Professor is very illogical. His argument might prove that Communism should be tolerated but never that it should be taught. In order to perpetuate free discussion, "the crowning glory of America," must we have our professors teach a system that denies free discussion? In order to insure freedom of religion, freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of peaceable assembly, must we have professors in our colleges and universities who teach young students that these are the bourgeois conceptions of a decadent capitalist system? In order to further our American ideals, must we increase the number of professors who despise the doctrines of Washington and Jefferson and glorify the aberrations of Marx and Lenin?

And let not Catholic parents who are sending their boys and girls to our secular institutions of learning think that this is but an academic discussion in the pages of a stuffy high-brow magazine. Many of our school boards and trustees of colleges and universities agree with Professor Meiklejohn and are acting on his principles.

• • •

• **THE** DEPLORABLE STATE of religion in our country has long been a subject of lamentation. It is in a longer and deeper depression than any that has ever engulfed our

Decline of Protestantism

economic life. Religious conditions in the Protestant Church in New York City were described recently in a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of Broadway Temple Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. Quoting statistics for the low ebb of religion there, Dr. Reisner said:

There are 2,600,000 people in New York classified as Protestants. On any one Sunday there are not 200,000 in the 1,200 Protestant churches. This would give an average of 167 persons per church. There are approximately 1,200,000 children who get no religious education. In short, less than 20 per cent of the 2,600,000 Protestants think enough of the Church to join it. Less than 13 per cent of the children attend Sunday school. Furthermore, of the 270 Protestant churches on Manhattan Island, 173 operate on a budget of less than \$4,000 a year, and 223 have only one paid leader.

Although he does not state it as such, Dr. Reisner gives the cause for this decline in interest and membership when he says that there are 1,200,000 children who receive no religious education. If this continues, the decline will not only continue but become accelerated.

Thoughtful Protestant leaders are becoming alarmed at the effects of a purely secular education. Lack of religious instruction is perhaps the greatest contributing factor to the rapidly proceeding disintegration of Protestantism.

• • •

• **WHEN** Congress met last January, the country was in the midst of a new and serious business depression. All eyes were turned to Washington in the hope that

Congress and Recovery

something could be done to give business the impetus needed to start an upward trend. When Congress adjourned, the downward trend of business activities was still unchecked. Evidently if we are to have surcease from our economic woes it is not to come from the legislation passed during the recent session of Congress in spite of vast expenditures.

It seemed for a time that businessmen were to be given a measure for which they had long been clamoring—relief from the capital-gains and undistributed-profits tax. Complete satisfaction was denied them, although the new tax law is a great improvement in this respect. Much of the good effect on business, however, was offset because the President's opposition even to this concession left businessmen uncertain and fearful of the future.

The real New Deal remedy for the depression is contained in the pump-priming measures in which Congress voted vast sums for relief and recovery. Up to the present the tide has not turned. The anticipation of such vast outlays of money seems to have had little effect on business. The general feeling seems to be that such expenditures in the past have had no enduring effect and that as a consequence little can be expected from this source in the present crisis.

While Congress showed some degree of independence in turning down the President's Reorganization Bill, it did as directed by the executive in most of the legislation it passed. Perhaps its greatest failing was the fact that it failed to do anything for the railroads, many of which are in a serious condition and threatened with failure. Considering the unseemly haste with which Congress rushed to adjourn, it would be ironical were the condition of the railroads to become so bad that the President would find it necessary to call a special session to legislate for such an emergency.

• **ETERNAL TRUTHS** sometimes obtrude themselves into matters of business. Life insurance, the purchase of a plot in a cemetery, the making of a Will are necessary reminders of the fact that death is inevitable. Unpleasant as the thought may be—that what has been inherited or acquired must

finally be relinquished—men and women face it and make provision for that uncertain hour. Most persons would consider themselves derelict in duty if they avoided such obligations.

There are exceptions. Recently we have learned of several cases where Catholics of wealth died without making a Will. Through procrastination, or indecision, or some unknown motive they passed into the next life and left large sums—in one case a fortune—open to litigation and to the decisions of the State.

In view of the countless works of charity which, when personal and family obligations have been met, would benefit by a remembrance, we are amazed that the Church's institutions are so often forgotten. Diocesan and national charities are handicapped in their unselfish efforts by lack of resources. Men and women who bring to their tasks both zeal and experience find their hands tied through lack of funds. On home and foreign missions the frontiers of Christ are pushed forward in creeping fashion, when bequests would make it possible for them to be advanced rapidly.

Faith and gratitude to God, the Giver of gifts, should insure a remembrance in every Catholic Will for one or more of those institutions which are forwarding Christ's Kingdom on earth. In one sense this is outright begging—but it is begging in His Name and for His Cause. In another, it is simply a reminder to those who have a generous portion of this world's goods that they may share in the magnificent work which is being done by others who have sacrificed everything.

Their need, and the great unfinished task which confronts them, prompts us to make special mention of our

missionaries in Hunan, China. A larger personnel and increasing costs have handicapped them in their routine duties and have prevented the development of schools, catechumenates and other important mission projects. The arrival of a great many refugees and wounded is now a further drain on the resources of our priests and Sisters. How long this extraordinary situation will last will depend on the outcome of the war. But in peace or war, a definite need is always present on the frontiers of the foreign missions.

• **THE ANTI-SEMITISM** which has prevailed in Germany since the advent of the Nazis is bound to have repercussions in other lands. It is always convenient to have a

Increase of Anti-Semitism

scapegoat, and the Jews have become such for many, of strong emotionalism and weak mentality, who have to find some group to blame for all the various ills that beset us.

Here in America at the present time there are evidences of an increasing anti-Semitism. It is to be regretted and should be opposed by Christians and Jews alike. To the Jews it belongs, however, to remove some of the causes which have aroused a feeling of ill will toward them. One of these—at least as far as Catholics are concerned—is their open advocacy and support of the Reds in Spain. While claiming the world's sympathy and support because of the Nazi persecution of their race in Germany, they have joined openly with the new crucifiers of Christ in Spain.

Jews are by no means all Communists, but a disproportionate number of that race are either Communists or members of other radical groups which are openly and violently hostile to Christianity. Fired by a hatred of Nazism, Jews fight fiercely against Fascism in all its forms. Jewish-owned publications and publications whose policies are, to some extent, determined by their large Jewish advertisers, have been beating the drums so loud and long against a supposed Fascist menace that it is becoming nauseating. The net result will probably be to cause persecution of Jews in Spain and Italy, where they have been very well treated.

And can't those who organize to combat anti-Semitism use a modicum of intelligence, charity and truth in their efforts? A short time ago we received for review a book entitled *Through Gentile Eyes*, by John Haynes Holmes. It was sent by a committee to combat anti-Semitism in America and is called a plea for tolerance and good will.

Tolerance and good will toward whom? Toward the Jews, perhaps, but what of Catholics — and even Protestants—although the author is supposed to be a Protestant minister? Here are a few statements:

The Christian community of Palestine, as rooted deep in the soil of rival ecclesiasticisms, is a noisome and a noxious thing. . . .

As a student I began to study the trivial and not infrequently absurd ramifications of Christian theology. Born and brought up in the Unitarian Church, and in a radical wing of that church, I was happily kept immune from all the consequences, anti-Semitism among the rest, which have followed in the wake of Christian dogmatism and bigotry. . . .

I have long contended that knowledge, carried through relentlessly to its ultimate conclusions, must involve the dissolution and destruction of all orthodox religious faith.

Remove some of its causes and it will be much easier for us to work together for the removal of anti-Semitism.

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Morality in Labor Relations

The Domination of Management Over Labor Makes Workers Soulless Machines, While the Dictatorship of Labor Czars Results in a Virtual Slavery for the Worker

By HENRY M. WRIGHT

IN THE early days of the New Deal I attended a church service at which a large group of labor leaders, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were present. The sermon dwelt upon the moral values of labor relations. In deliberate tones that received profound attention, the speaker said: "The Catholic Church in this country has, in general, always leaned toward the side of labor. The reason is because labor has always been the weaker and oppressed side. But," he added, "if the time ever comes when capital is the oppressed side, then the Catholic Church will lean towards the side of capital."

Those words were spoken five years ago before men who were attending a convention that was exulting over the newly acquired "Magna Carta of labor," as Section 7a of the original NRA was then called. Now, after having viewed intimately the succeeding steps, I begin to wonder if that priest were not intentionally prophetic, foreseeing that under so evident a

protection of government the balance of power and the tendency to oppression would inevitably swing to the side of the working masses.

It seems an anomaly to think of workers as oppressors when so many millions have no jobs and other millions have such reduced incomes that their families are often in dire distress. But such a condition can exist when those responsible for the leadership of labor, either through overzealousness and impatience, or for the sake of personal power, attain their ends without due regard for the rights of others in the economic system.

There is grave danger from this source at the present time, if workers in their struggle for a "cause" permit their individuality to be so lost that they fail to recognize the unity of purpose of management and labor with its consequent mutual obligation of individual co-operation and tolerance. If the old principle that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" is not

applied also to the democracy of labor unions, workers in this country may find that the growing dominance of ambitious leaders can be more autocratic than that previously imposed upon them by management, and can be more destructive of our whole industrial system.

During that same year of 1933, when representatives of labor and management were having daily conferences in Washington to formulate the NRA codes, an industrialist who had become incensed at the attitude of a labor leader turned to me one day and said: "These fellows are capitalists the same as any of us. I sell machinery, and they sell labor. Labor is just a commodity with them, and they have forgotten what labor means."

Often that peevish retort recurred to me as I sat through conferences and as I saw at first hand the tumultuous labor activity of this new era. Certain it is that the urge to build



A Union meeting in Detroit. Peaceful and intelligent solutions can be found for labor's problems

KEYSTONE

up a job and a position of power often appears uppermost, and even with the most idealistic of the leaders the desire to show results for the "cause" leads them to forget the human individuality of their members, and leads almost unconsciously into a dictatorial and uncompromising attitude, preferring industrial disturbance as more spectacular than peace.

In theory labor unions are democratic. All members are addressed as "brother" regardless of rank in the union or position in the place of employment. And every year at labor conventions there is much ado by spellbinding orators about "our common heritage of liberty and democracy." But in practice that heritage does not extend to the election of officers. There have been times when the public felt that conditions were such that a new set of labor leaders might be elected, but there never was a time when the higher labor officials entertained a doubt that the convention delegates, tightly geared in the pinions and racks of their election machinery, would vote other than as they were expected to vote.

This is not a condemnation of labor unions. Criticizing a wrong practice is not criticizing the principle, although through many years of dealing with unions I have found that labor leaders are inclined to resent even the slightest criticism as showing antagonism to the whole cause. I believe that the proportion of industrialists who deny the principle and the value of trade unionism is small indeed.

WITHOUT unions it is certain that we would not have made the remarkable advances in living standards that place the United States at the top of all nations in this respect. While there have always been some employers who desired to give workers increased shares in the profits of industry, their efforts could not have overcome the chiselers if it were not for the combined pressure of organized labor to raise standards universally.

Speaking generally and abstractly, inordinate dominance of management over labor tends to place workers in the position of soulless machines, but, on the other hand, a far swing of the pendulum to a dictatorship of labor czars tends to regiment workers into an even more brutal mass subservience. With any dictatorship eventually comes OGPU methods, which in turn spread out to a general ruthlessness, suspicion, and intolerance towards those who question the actions of the dictatorship. I do not say that czardom is general in American labor unions. I say only

that the path to czardom is dangerously open.

A booklet put out some time ago by the Paulist Press stated the proposition of moral values quite specifically. It said: "The Catholic Church holds to two truths: first, there are moral values in industry and, second, these values must be fully protected." It went further to say of the worker that his investment in industry is not money, but himself, and as a practical consequence, "not the least of his investment is his mind enabling him to judge, his will making him a free and responsible agent, and his conscience holding him accountable to God for his conduct in industry and society."

Thus, since labor forms only one unit of the body structure of industry, the individual worker cannot permit himself to be a party to the destruction of industry even when his leaders think that the other elements of industry are not moving fast enough in making industrial adjustments. Furthermore, the worker, even though a member of a labor union, is still an individually responsible agent before God and cannot permit himself to become an irresponsible part of a mechanism at the will and whim of leaders of a "cause."

Within the last few years there has been an astounding growth of a theory held by too many labor leaders and economists that union members have no right to individual action of any kind, that all action should be "mass action." This, of course, inevitably results in blind slavery to the will of the dictator, and, in the economic field, is one of the most subtle approaches of Communism.

In some of the newer industrial unions the individual workers dare not converse with their foremen because of the grip of the shop stewards over them and because of the fear of



In Nazi Germany labor is completely regimented by governmental authority

EUROPEAN

informers. They are not infrequently fined if they attempt to advance themselves and earn more by greater speed, skill and dexterity. In innumerable cases individual workers pay dues to a union and meekly vote with the union not because of free choice but because of fear. This condition has increased tremendously during the last two years since government officials have interposed themselves into very nearly the position of labor organizers to supervise and hold elections in industrial plants.

TO THE above statements on policy it might well be added here that the Catholic Church since the time of the first Communist Manifesto has determinedly opposed the Marxian philosophy that labor is the only form of value. Not only does the Church contend that the risks of financial investments (private capital) must be recognized and protected, but also it rightly contends that brainwork and the genius of management are highly important and must be adequately compensated.

While most professional labor leaders would disclaim belief in this Marxian theory, nevertheless any

herding of members into a form of proletarian dictatorship to force over arbitrary judgments on what constitutes the rights of labor is the very essence of Marxian doctrine. The sit-down strike, the refusal to permit workers to hear the management's side of a controversy, the employment of mercenary "goon squads" (who are not the actual strikers) to picket strike areas, are but manifestations of a principle, and that principle is undemocratic in that it is inconsiderate of the rights of others, and it is immoral in that it surrenders the free will, the judgment, and the conscience of the individual worker into the hands of a soulless "cause."

IT MUST be conceded that no government can rightfully call itself democratic if it gives its support entirely to one section only of the industrial system. But recently I discussed this point with the regional director of the National Labor Relations Board in one of our important industrial centres. This man would countenance no argument on this matter, but was set on the principle that the Labor Relations Act was intended "to protect the rights of labor," and that it was not his business to look after the rights of management.

In a recent case where an election was being held under government supervision to ascertain the "will" of the employees towards joining a labor union, the labor representatives came into the buildings and posted circulars containing statements which the management considered unfair and inaccurate. I asked the government official why the management could not also pass out circulars telling its side of the story so that the workers would be in a better position to judge the situation and vote intelligently. This man told me that the management was not permitted to have anything to say to the employees "that might influence them," and that he would consider such a circular as "undue influence." The preposterous nature of such a governmental doctrine is revolting to the idea of democracy and free elections, but it has become the dogma of the new class struggle.

Apparently, without having been intended by the Labor Act, the so-called elections and "certifications" of the Labor Board are tending to initiate a closed shop of a peculiar and pernicious nature, where the specific unions "certified" after a vote by the majority are in a protected position to force "dues" from all of the workers. Had the closed shop been

successful in the steel industry this one industry would have automatically poured more than six million dollars in dues into the coffers of already powerful leaders to be used as they saw fit. This leads to the question of the morality of the closed shop in general, a vibrant question today, not only because of these quasi-legalized "bargaining agencies," but also because of the wide publicity given to the attempt of the industrial unions to force the closed shop in a number of great industries.

IT IS WELL to recall here that the industrial union is the form of organization set up under Communism for the express purpose of registering the mass vote against the vote of the educated and conservative minority. At a fairly recent convention of the IWW the delegates went on record as favoring the industrial union as the easiest approach toward worker control of the industries of the country. The industrial union is not bad in itself, and it has certain advantages over the craft type of union, yet it can be a most dangerous instrument in the hands of industrially ignorant or unscrupulous leaders.

If any one lesson was learned from the fifty million dollars spent on the



EWING GALLOWAY

In Soviet Russia an official of the "people's" government gives orders to the peasants—orders which they have no choice but to obey

NRA it is this, that the industrial type of union can never work fairly and intelligently in a democracy until industries have become more clearly defined and organized and until some method of balanced representation is established to prevent mob rule over trained and more educated craftsmen.

Furthermore, in the industrial union the individuality of the worker cannot be protected from ruthless dictatorship without safeguards that insure free and open elections and regular replacement of the higher officials. There are technical positions in unions where the specialized services require permanent salaried officials, but the American form of democracy is violated when officials can entrench themselves for 20 to 40 years in high-salaried powerful executive positions that are supposed to be open annually for democratic choice.

I contend that the closed shop, universally applied to an industry, is definitely immoral and contrary to the basic principles of American democracy. It can be pointed out that there are cases where the closed shop is working ideally with perfect relations between labor and management and with the individual rights of the worker respected. But these are specific and prescribed applications. Arsenic in tiny controlled quantities is a valuable medicine, but taken in large doses it is a violent poison.

So also Communism in limited

spheres is neither immoral nor harmful to the individual. Take the case of the monastery. In monasteries there is no personal property, no wages; there is equality of dress and treatment, strict regulation and planning of hours of work, meals, and of the routine of the individual. But in all of these there is a hundred per cent voluntary agreement of individuals, trained and fitted especially to work together as a single mass unit. And they do not seek to force their system on minorities within or without the community. But if the monastery system were universally applied the attempts to force obedience to it would certainly be immoral.

UNDER the closed shop the worker loses his right to leave the union or join another union. Worse than all, under the squeezing hold of "cocky" shop stewards or under devices of the officials to maintain control of the union, he may even lose his rights to individual self expression. Under the conditions that exist in some closed industries exorbitant entrance fees are imposed to join the union and the union member is a part of a cult in which the slightest heresy is ruthlessly punished.

Where the closed shop is complete with strong-arm organizers, the worker is no longer a free agent, but like the regimented Communist or Nazi he must give the salute and an-

swer "Yes" regardless of his individual conscience. Add to this a situation where government agencies sit by to view with suspicion every kindly act manifested towards the workers by the employers, and we have the economic religion of Communism entering through an open window while we stand guard at the gate.

Trade unionism must go on and progress. And there are occasions when it becomes almost the solemn duty of workers to join and aid their union. But workers are facing dangers today in certain drifts of the labor movement.

One of the wisest of the ancient Roman political philosophers said that "Liberty of a people ceases when the rules of liberty are forced upon them." There is imminent danger when demagogues, whether labor leaders or government partisans, stand forth and say: "Here is freedom, but to get it you must surrender your individual liberty and accept the rule of the 'cause.'"

At this period of the progress of labor and the labor unions it would be well for the workers to pause and take stock of their gains, and with this thought of liberty in mind consider whether some of the apparent gains during the past two years have not been acquired at too high a price, the price of a sacrifice of their individual liberty and of their conscience to the forced rule of a "cause."

Scepticism Hangs Itself

Religion has returned; because all the various forms of scepticism that tried to take its place, and do its work, have by this time tied themselves into such knots that they cannot do anything. That chain of causation of which they were fond of talking seems really to have served them after the fashion of the proverbial rope; and when modern discussion gave them rope enough, they quite rapidly hanged themselves.

G. K. Chesterton, in "The Well and the Shallows"

Good Old Days!

We know that only two hundred years ago, most crimes were punishable by death. Blackstone listed more than one hundred and ninety offenses which called for the death penalty in the event of a violation. There was no such thing as imprisonment for a fixed term of years, for prisons as we define them today did not exist. If an offender was not hanged, then he was banished or whipped.

Lewis E. Lawes, in an address "Crime and the Community"

Too Much

With a "This is too much" the Mayor of Canton forbade his assistants to reply to the long-distance telephone inquiries of the Japanese Consulate and Japanese merchants of Hong Kong regarding the state of Japanese properties in Canton after air raids.

From "Marginal Notes" in Asia

Religion Today

If one compares the religion of today with the religion of a century ago, one cannot fail to notice a remarkable change of social attitude shown by the increasing preoccupation of religious minds with economic and political problems. In the last century religion was generally regarded as a private matter for the individual conscience. It was concerned with the salvation of men's souls and not with their economic relations or their social or political ideals. Today most people feel that religion must affect social life: that it is not enough to feel religious or even to be religious in private life so long as social and economic life as a whole is based on non-religious principles. In short, we feel that the province of Christianity is not a part of life but the whole, and that what we need is a Christian civilization.

Christopher Dawson, in "Religion and the Modern State"

Challenge to Democracy

The challenge to democracy today is from minority groups known as pressure groups. These minority groups—often with divergent aims—desire to use government as force, force to establish ideals of justice that have not yet convinced a majority of our citizens. Sometimes these ideals of minorities are noble, worthy of realization. But no ideal, however lofty, can successfully be established by force. The benevolent despot loses his benevolence with his despotic power, and a benevolent ideal must wait for its day and time. It must be able to move a majority, an overwhelming majority, before it will work in a democracy.

William Allen White, in an address "The Challenge to Democracy"

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Committee at work drafting the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson is seated at the left

EWING GALLOWAY

Jim and Jefferson

Why Catholics, Protestants, Jews, New Dealers, Liberty Leaguers, Communists, Northerners, Southerners—in Fact All Americans—Love and Quote Jefferson

By LAWRENCE LUCEY

I STARTLED old Jim when I bounced up his steps and shook water from my dripping hat and coat like a wet collie pup. It was raining so hard that in my haste to get within the shelter of his porch I broke a few of Emily Post's best etiquette rules. While apologizing to Jim for my abrupt entrance and hanging my dripping coat and hat on the hooks under the deer head, I noticed that Jim was seated at a table strewn with books and a sheaf of yellow sheets on which were scribbled, in his pinched writing, the notes he had made while wading through the books.

"I don't suppose you will be as entertaining as Jefferson has been," Jim said, "but, none the less, you are most welcome. I have had Jefferson as a house guest for over a week

now; at least, I have had the part of him that he put into his own writings and as much of his spirit as his biographers were able to squeeze between the covers of their books. Seriously, my eyes were getting watery and I'm glad you popped in."

"Have you," I asked, "after seventy-six sane years succumbed to the black plague of writing, and decided to do a life of Jefferson?"

"No, nothing like that. I am doing some research to find out what kind of a man Jefferson was, and learn why he and Independence Day cause our orators to explode words and the children to burn their fingers and destroy their eyesight with fire-crackers."

There was a twinkle in Jim's eyes. He is such an honest old soul and has grown so accustomed to telling

the whole truth and nothing but the truth that he was unable to conceal the mental tickling he was undergoing from holding something back.

"Come, come, Jim," I coaxed, "tell me about this book on Jefferson you are doing? Have you written any of the first draft yet?"

Jim reached for his pipe and while stoking it with tobacco decided whether or not it would be proper to reveal his secret to me.

"Son, if you will promise not to breathe a syllable of what I tell you and give me your word as an American citizen with a healthy respect for the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution, I shall explain my interest in Tommy Jefferson."

"Jim," I promised with mock solemnity, "your secret will be more

secure with me than with an Egyptian mummy."

"About a week ago," and Jim paused to draw on his pipe, "my daughter brought me this mess of books by and about Jefferson. She is to deliver a speech on the Fourth of July before some women's club, and asked me to do the research for her."

"So you have become a ghost writer," I said laughingly.

"No, I merely do research and jot down notes and then my daughter molds them into a speech. She is too busy to do the spade work necessary for a weighty speech and she turns that job over to me."

Jim and his daughter had a good subject in Jefferson for he is the only man in American history who is universally loved today. The Communists like him, the New Dealers say he was the first New Dealer, the South always has been the nest for Jeffersonian democracy, the Liberty League quotes him with approbation, the press forever is referring to his belief in the freedom of the press; everybody likes Jefferson. Washington is not admired by the internationalists for he favored an isolation policy, and the Communists and liberals believe that Washington was too much of an aristocrat and too property minded for them. Lincoln is still a "damn Yankee" below the Mason-Dixon line. Without a doubt Jefferson would take first prize in a popularity contest among American heroes.

"Why is it that Jefferson alone among our national heroes," I asked, "is admired by everyone?"

"Son, Jefferson's popularity today intrigues me. I think the reason why he is loved by every shade of opinion from the far right to the extreme left is because each conflicting group takes a part of Jefferson and edits the rest. The Communists take one side of Jefferson and edit the residue while the Liberty League takes another part of him and draws a blue pencil through the remainder. No one seems to be willing to accept the whole of Jefferson."

A most interesting theory, I thought.

"Have you unearthed any facts, Jim, showing that Jefferson seldom has been swallowed whole and only nibbled at by his host of friends?"

Jim reached for a book on his table and turned the pages until he came to the place he was looking for.

"This is Jefferson's autobiography," Jim said. "In it Jefferson published the Declaration of Independence as he wrote it and underlined the words that were stricken out by Congress when it adopted it. About one-third

of the matter contained in the original Declaration was blue penciled."

That was news to me. I had never heard that such a revolutionary document as the Declaration of Independence had been edited.

"Let me," continued Jim, "read one sentence from the original Declaration that was cut by Congress."

Jim read from Jefferson's autobiography.

"He (the King of England) has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither."

Obviously Jefferson did not care for the manner in which King George the Third was treating the African negro and cited this as a reason why America should revolt against England.

"Congress," opined Jim, "would not dare let this and other sentences condemning slavery and the slave trade creep into the Declaration of Independence. If these sentiments of Jefferson on slavery were published the South would not accept them and many slave traders in the North likewise would rebel. It was, Congress felt, necessary to start the Revolution, but the time was not ripe as yet for the Civil War. In order not to alienate the sympathies of those who permitted slavery Congress blue penciled the parts of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence that criticized his Britannic Majesty for profiting from the slave trade."

This edited part of the Declaration of Independence raised my opinion of Jefferson considerably for it revealed him to be a man, a unique man, willing to sacrifice his own personal ambitions and criticize his neighbors when he believed they were wrong. It was much easier for a resident of the North to condemn slavery than it was for Jefferson, a Virginian, as he had to sacrifice the economic interests of his own community on the altar of truth and morality.

"ANOTHER peculiar thing about the blue penciled Declaration of Independence," Jim said, "is that it was not signed by the representatives of the colonies on the Fourth of July. Historians now agree that it was not signed until a month or more after the Fourth. Jefferson in writing his autobiography many years after the signing, due to a faulty memory, placed the date of the first signing on the Fourth with

another signing on the second of August. But after carefully weighing the evidence the historians have concluded that the signing took place some time in August of 1776."

"Then," I said smilingly, "all the hullabaloo—the firecrackers and pompous speeches and sky rockets—explode a month ahead of Independence Day."

"Yes, but—," and Jim glanced at the notes he had made, "Jefferson died on the Fourth of July in 1826. Though you won't find this in the history books, it would seem that Jefferson's Maker, realizing that America had made a patriotic holiday out of the Fourth of July, decided to right the error and called Tommy to his eternal home on this day."

With all the recent discussions on what is and what is not the American way it appeared that some of our Fourth of July orators this year are bound to compare or contrast Jefferson with our present President. Only recently a member of the Cabinet called Jefferson the first New Dealer.

"Jim, did Jefferson have any opinions on problems that are current today?"

"SON, Jefferson's writings are full of notes on most every serious political or economic problem that has arisen in the United States. He had a mind with more sides to it than any American of his day. He was a thinker, writer, lawyer, the founder of a university, Secretary of State, author of the Virginia bill of rights that later became the famous first ten Amendments to the Constitution and made liberty a part of the American tradition; he was an Ambassador to France, the originator of the foreign policy of neutrality by embargo, President of the United States for two terms, as well as the writer of the Declaration of Independence. He breathed into the American soul and the soul of the whole world the love for liberty and democracy which the dictators of Europe are now trying to uproot. He was the supreme champion of liberty—religious, political, economic and intellectual. Without Jefferson America would never have become the land of the free for he preached liberty in season and out of season and made it part of the air we breathe."

Jim struck a match and relit his pipe which had gone out while he was talking.

"Jefferson's opinions," he said between puffs of smoke, "are as modern as the editorials you will read in next week's papers. Listen to what

he wrote about the national debt that spokesmen for the present Administration are saying is a fine thing for the country."

Jim fumbled his notes until he came upon the quotation he was looking for. Then he cocked his head like a bird dog and read what Jefferson thought of the national debt.

"I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt; and not for a multiplication of officers and salaries merely to make partisans, and for increasing by every device the public debt on the principle of its being a public blessing."

bonds should be taxed. Had this amendment been adopted when Jefferson proposed it, it would have saved us a gigantic headache that is likely to continue for many moons. This headache will reach the unspeakable size of \$40,000,000,000 by next year.

Presently close to \$1,000,000,000 of the tax money collected by the Federal government each year is being used to pay the interest on the loans the government has borrowed. This means that one out of every five to seven dollars is being turned over to the bondholders to pay the interest on the national debt. Jefferson not only is modern, he is futuristic; for it is very likely that when the people

"Son, I have here an encyclopedia of Jefferson's remarks and on turning to his words on banking and national currency I found that he repeats this thought over and over again. Let me read his words."

Jim went to his notes and thumbed them till he found what he was looking for. When his head was angled properly he began reading Jefferson's words.

"In the revolutionary war the old Congress and the States issued bills without interest and without tax. The fatal possession of the whole circulating medium by our banks, the excess of those institutions, and their present discredit, cause all our difficulties."



Signing of the Declaration of Independence. Painting by Trumbull in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington

Apparently Jim was not finished with Jefferson's biting modern opinions on the public pocketbook for he was thumbing his yellow note sheets feverishly in search of another quotation. He cocked his head again and began reading.

"I wish it were possible to obtain a single amendment to our constitution. I would be willing to depend on that alone for the reduction of the administration of our government to the genuine principles of its constitution; I mean an additional article taking from the federal government the power of borrowing."

This amendment, proposed to curb the issuance of government bonds, was much more radical than any message suggesting that government

wake up to what a national debt really means they will call a halt to it by amending the Constitution so that future borrowing will be prohibited.

"Recently," and Jim's nasal voice woke me from my reverie on government borrowing, "Governor La Follette headed the planks of his new platform with a money policy. This plank which demands that Congress should coin and regulate money and credit was the central point of Jefferson's economic philosophy. It was the crux of the struggle between him and Hamilton on banking."

"Have you," I asked, "come across any statements by Jefferson showing that he was opposed to the issuance of money by private banks?"

These startling words of Jefferson, were they not so important, would be laughable. When Governor La Follette in his platform suggested that the government should coin and regulate money this plank was called "socialism" by General Hugh Johnson while Heywood Broun denounced it as "fascism." Obviously neither the General nor Heywood know much American history for this plank springs from the Revolution and is pure, undiluted Jeffersonian democracy. Our newspaper columnists have gotten themselves so tangled in European "isms" that they no longer recognize Americanism when they see it.

Jim was not finished with Jefferson's monetary views as yet. He

read once again from his notes.

"The States should be applied to, to transfer the right of issuing circulating paper to Congress *exclusively*."

Though Jefferson was the champion of States' rights he apparently believed that the power to coin money should be turned over to the Federal government and exercised by Congress and not delegated to private banks. But Jim had still another quotation from Jefferson.

"THE eyes of our citizens are not sufficiently open to the cause of our distress. They ascribe them to everything but their true cause, the banking system; a system which, if it could do good in any form, is yet so certain of leading to abuse as to be utterly incompatible with the public safety and prosperity. I have ever been the enemy of the banks, not of those discounting for cash, but of those foisting their own paper into circulation and thus banishing our cash. My zeal against these institutions was so warm and open at the establishment of the Bank of the United States that I was derided as a maniac by the tribe of bank-mongers, who were seeking to filch from the public their swindling and barren gains."

Jim laid his notes on the table, inhaled a mouthful of his pipe smoke, and while puffing it out smiled and beamed and exuded self satisfaction.

"Son, don't let any one tell you that Jefferson did not understand finance. While he was in Europe he studied the banking systems of these countries and concluded that the English method, which permitted private banks to coin money, was wrong. Though some historians will tell you that Hamilton was a financial genius he learned all he knew from books describing the English system for issuing money and did not have the first hand knowledge that Jefferson had. Jefferson wanted to establish a democracy and knew that you cannot have a political democracy unless and until the people through their government issue their own money. He believed that private banks should serve as the depository for the people's money and lend money at interest, but they should not be permitted to coin money. Hamilton despised the people, called them 'a great Beast'; he hated democracy and knew that the English system of finance held the people in check and made the world safe for plutocracy. As James Truslow Adams has well said: 'We in America practice Hamilton every day in the year until the Fourth of July when we hurrah like mad for Jefferson, then

on the fifth of July we quietly take up Hamilton again.'"

Apparently Jim was finished with the financial phase of Jefferson for he was clipping his notes on this topic together and placing them aside.

"Lately," and Jim was started on another side of the mind of Jefferson, "there has been much talk about whether it would be proper for a man to seek a third term as president. Naturally, Jefferson's action in retiring voluntarily after two terms as president speaks much louder than his words, but his opinion on this topic of the day is sharp and to the point."

Jim thumbed his yellow notes until he found the quotation he was in search of. When his head was cocked he began reading.

"The example of four presidents voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year, and the progress of public opinion that the principle is salutary, has given in practice the force of precedent and usage; inasmuch that should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected on this demonstration of ambitious views."

This one quotation was sufficient to dispose of this topic to the satisfaction of Jim.

"JEFFERSON was a farmer," continued Jim, "who was intensely interested in the means by which agriculture may be made the source of a decent livelihood. Crop control in recent years has been hashed and rehashed. Here pithily is what Jefferson thought of it."

Jim fumbled his notes and after adjusting his eye glasses read what Jefferson had to say about crop control.

"Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

Yes, I thought, after hearing what Jefferson had to say about the AAA, the ever normal granary, and the other measures, the man who wrote the blue-penciled Declaration of Independence is as modern as next week's editorials on farm legislation. In fact, Jefferson could write Mark Sullivan's column on his day off and so long as the sage of Monticello wrote on agriculture their thoughts would be in harmony.

"Say, Jim," I asked, "what do the Communists like about Jefferson?"

"Son, like the Liberty League, the New Deal, the Continental Congress that edited the Declaration of Independence and most everyone else, the Communists also have taken a part of Jefferson and blue penciled

the rest. They like his revolutionary attitude. He said that when the American people were oppressed by England they had the right to revolt and establish their own independent government. Of course, the Communists are interested only in revolutions, like that of Russia, which serve their purposes. When Franco and the people of Spain revolt and overthrow a Communist régime, then they are against revolution and call it the tool of Fascism. Did you ever hear a Communist liken Hitler and Mussolini's entrance into the Spanish war to that of Lafayette and Pulaski's aid to America during the Revolution?"

"Again, Jefferson was a most religious minded man. In the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence there is a reference to God and the last sentence asks God to protect this new nation that sprang from this document. Jefferson in his letters revealed himself to be a student of the Bible who had drunk deeply from the actions and words of Christ. He was a bitter foe of the Puritan beliefs and practices because he did not believe they were taught by Christ. For this reason he was called an atheist during his life. But, as America now realizes, though it was a Puritan country then, one can believe in God and be an ardent Christian and yet despise the Puritan doctrines."

"Jefferson, by championing the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, did the only sensible thing in a nation composed of people belonging to different creeds. By permitting Catholics to worship God in their own churches Jefferson made it possible for this religious body, then composed of a small and oppressed minority, to grow into the largest religious group in the nation with many more active members than any of the Protestant sects now have. He was the greatest friend the Catholic Church has had in America."

I concluded that Jefferson could never be a Communist.

OUTSIDE the rain had stopped but another shower was in the air and I wanted to be on my way before it reached us.

"Jim," I said, while reaching for my hat and coat, "your daughter should make a fine speech on the Fourth. You certainly have done a good research job."

"Not if I know my daughter," replied old Jim morosely. "She will take one side of Jefferson and blue pencil the rest of the notes as the others have done."

Dawson and the Present Crisis

By F. J. SHEED

In these pages last month Mr. Sheed discussed Christopher Dawson as a historian. This month he considers his thought on the present crisis. Both articles have been read by Mr. Dawson and approved by him as a true presentation of his thought. Later Mr. Dawson himself will write for THE SIGN.

IN AN article which appeared in THE SIGN last month we considered Christopher Dawson as a historian concerned with the past. In this article we pose the question—what of the present? Dawson's central preoccupation has been the relation of religion to sociology, and he has studied this relation in the past principally in order that he may apply what he has learned to the present. There is for us enormous value in his diagnosis of our day. No one who has read what we wrote of him last month will be in any doubt of the profundity of his questioning of the past ages of the world.

In diagnosing the present he goes equally deep, and there can be no doubt that in this he is an antidote to the great modern tendency, which does not spare Catholics, to seek for surface solutions. We are desperately in need of depth; and because we cannot get depth quickly, we tend to refuse it and are in danger of perishing of our own shallowness. The questions that Dawson asks are questions which we might very well never have thought of asking; but once he has raised them, we can never be satisfied with anything less profound.

The primary disease, as he states it, is that modern man has one view (even if confused and wavering) as to the nature of reality and the meaning of life in his own mind, whereas the societies in which he finds himself are built upon totally different principles. Thus no harmony is pos-

sible. Society dominates man more and more, yet in its own organization it neglects or even contradicts what is deepest in the individual's mind. What we need, says Dawson, is the

recovery of a vital contact between the spiritual life of the individual and the social and economic organization of modern culture . . . the man who is separated from the organic life of his culture is in little better case than the oyster that has been extracted from its shell . . . (The divorce) is plainly perceptible to those who are concerned with the spiritual functions of culture . . . as well as to those who are socially unsuccessful and in a state of spiritual revolt, while all those who live on the surface of society—the politicians and the men of business and the socially successful are still unconscious of it. (*Enquiries Into Religion and Culture*, p. V.)

Elsewhere in his writings he has

the following question and answer:

Why is a stockbroker less beautiful than a Homeric warrior or an Egyptian priest? Because he is less incorporated with life; he is not inevitable but accidental, almost parasitic.

This problem of broken contact is constantly with him. There is no space here to discuss the way in which it affects the average semi-religious man. But as it affects a Catholic, it could be stated thus: the Catholic knows that this life is a preparation for the next, gains its meaning from the next and should be directed according to the Will of God. On the other hand the society in which he finds himself acts totally without reference to any future life, organizes this life precisely as if there were no other, and requires its citizens to conduct themselves according to the will of society. It is not simply a case of two views of reality of which one takes in more than the other. The two views are flatly contradictory, and the man who tries to live wholeheartedly according to both is in a fair way to madness. The unreflective man can take it all quite happily, being rooted in neither view, and either making some compromise between religion and sociology or ignoring religion altogether.

But the reflective Catholic must be constantly aware of the disharmony and see himself as living in a society in which he never can be at home. Being placed in this dilemma, he will probably choose to follow the light of his religion and get along with society as best he can. But if religion is more important than sociology, it still remains true that man is a social animal; and no devotion to religion can prevent some distortion of nature in one who finds himself floating loose in society. The ideal, of course, is a social organization which



Christopher Dawson emerges from a long study of the past to consider the modern world in which we live

sees the whole of reality precisely as the individual sees it. And this is as necessary for the health of religion as for the health of society. "If religion loses its hold on social life," says Dawson, "it eventually loses its hold on life altogether."

THE religious man must ever be seeking a society in which his spiritual outlook may find itself perfectly harmonized. But if Dawson is right in his conclusion that religion is the dynamic element in every culture, then our own modern cultures should be searching for a religion to energize them. And this we find is happening. We may go further and say that such energy as the chief modern sociologies have derives from religion and more specifically from Christianity:

Nationalism owes to Christianity its high and almost mystical conception of the nation as a spiritual unity—a sacred community for which the individual will gladly sacrifice his life; yet divorced from Christianity, this conception becomes a principle of hatred and destruction. Liberalism and democracy owe to Christianity their humanitarian idealism and their faith in progress; yet this idealization of humanity has become a substitute for the Christian faith in a divine order, and has made it possible to regard secular civilization as man's final end. Socialism derives from both Christianity and Judaism its passion for social justice, and for the rights of the poor and the disinherited; yet this passion has become the driving force of the Communist attack on Christianity, and the basis of a social atheism which leaves no room for human rights and spiritual freedom. (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. XXI)

But one Christian principle in isolation from the rest and indeed in opposition to the rest is not sufficient. The new state erected on one or other of these sociological principles is in search of a religious principle for its complete vivification, and what we see is that it is making *itself* the religious principle. But all that religion has ever had to offer to the human spirit, society thus regarded is incapable of offering:

There is nothing in social life as such which is more spiritual than individual life. Animalism can dominate the former as easily as the latter, even more easily. The group purpose is as well served

when the human pack tears to pieces its weak or maimed members as when it throws itself with self-regardless courage at the throat of the common enemy. (*Enquiries Into Religion and Culture*, p. 322)

Nor can human society in itself give to the mind of man that wider horizon without which the mind must surely be constricted. Communism began with a promise of such wider horizons, but "the ultimate verdict on Communism will be that the house that is building for the new humanity is not a palace but a prison, since it has no windows." (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 101)

This being the diagnosis of our present ill state, what can be done about it? It is not here simply a matter of tracing the root evil—the lack of any vitalizing influence of religion upon society; that root flowers into all sorts of social and economic evils and these tend to claim first attention. But Dawson is uncompromising. It is the root that matters:

What is wrong is the spirit of our civilization, and so long as that spirit is unchanged, no improvements in social or economic machinery will help in the long run The new world of science and machinery is at the mercy of the same forces which ruled the old world, and it is these rather than any material facts which are the real causes of social evil the backward races have suffered more during a century of expansion of modern scientific civilization than they had ever done before in the world's history. (*Religion and the Modern State*, pp. XII, XIV)

GIVEN that the choice seems to be some form of Communism, National Socialism or Capitalism, "the Christian cannot regard any of them as a final solution of the problem of civilization or even as a tolerable one." All of them lie under the same condemnation—that their concern is solely with this life and that even in relation to this life their concern is a scarcely disguised worship of material power and wealth. "The Church regards the organized materialism of the social state as a more formidable enemy than the unorganized materialism of Capitalist society." (*Ibid.* p. 134)

But it is a dismal choice for the Christian to be forced to make. In fact, prior to all questions of sociology, lie certain fundamental questions as to the nature of man. And

here there is a necessary and fundamental cleavage between the Christian and the rest of men. "Humanity," as Dawson, along with all other Christians knows, "labors under a burden of inherited evil which it is powerless of itself to throw off." There is no possible compromise here between the Christian and the non-Christian. If the Fall of Man is a fact and Original Sin is a fact, then man must be regarded as a being affected to the end of time by these facts. Thus regarded, man is a very different being from the too easily perfectible man of those who invent sociological structures.

The effects (of Original Sin) have been perpetuated through the whole course of man's development and have influenced every side of his nature; and this . . . is renewed in each individual by actual sin, every instance of which is a fresh self-determination of disorder and a new seed of death to humanity. (*Enquiries Into Religion and Culture*, p. 336)

THIS is the reason for the Church's insistence upon the reformation of the individual as not only necessary in itself, but indispensable to the reformation of society. If the members of a society are all seeking their own self-interest, in all the myriad ways in which the interest of the individual can work for chaos, it is absurd to think that the society itself will care for justice or be able to retain any principle of order.

When Christianity came it did not attempt to reform the world in the sense of the social idealist. It did not try to destroy the Roman Empire, or to abolish slavery. It simply brought a new principle of life to the human race.

In doing this, it did the indispensable thing.

The well-meaning people who talk about the possibility or the necessity of a Christian revolution do not consider where the Christians are to come from who are to carry it out. We know how hard it is for practicing Catholics to apply their religion to social life, and even if the Christian social order was capable of exact political and economic definition one may well feel dubious as to what it would become in the hands of the politicians and economists who would have the responsibility of carrying it out in practice. (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 122)

ELIZABETH OF THE TRINITY

By SISTER MIRIAM, R.S.M.

We are heaven.—St. Augustine

God's house is heaven, and it is here within
 My breast invaded by the Three. No need
 Have I the world I left, to wander in,
 To follow foolishly where false roads lead;
 No need to scan the multitudinous words
 Men use to hide or to uncover Him.
 For when we love, simpler than psalms of birds,
 Are mysteries that tease the seraphim.
 To live is to commune with God, to find
 His will, be nailed to it as to a cross
 By hands, though bound, caressing all mankind;
 To merge myself in Him nor call it loss.
 While dying thus, I live, and yet not I
 But Christ in me, Who not again can die.

MARY OF MAGDALA

By SISTER MARY EULALIA, R.S.M.

"Where is your Prophet now . . . He Whom I seek?
 In all Judea there is not a man
 I fear, nor One with magic art Who can
 Enslave me with His word! Canst thou not speak?"

"The blush thine roses wear should shame your cheek.
 The wanton flame thine eyes still hold will fan
 The people's wrath against thee! Cease to scan
 Their faces so and end this foolish freak!"

"No, no, I see Him in the crowd! His face
 Is such as I have never seen before!
 He looks this way! His eyes are streams of grace
 That flow on me as unction on a sore!"

"He dines with Simon now . . . thou sayest this? . . .
 I go! I go! His dust-stained feet to kiss!"

The Church, then, is doing her uttermost to produce good citizens. The good citizens must proceed, and can proceed, to produce good States. This production of a good social order, which involves a right understanding of political, sociological and economic factors, must normally be the work of the laity.

To pretend, therefore, that the Church can solve the social problem is to talk foolishly. She can provide the principles which should govern men's relation to each other and the vitalizing power which will help men to live up to those principles. But the success of a society depends also upon those technical questions of currency, exports and imports, incidence of taxation, the relation of home and foreign markets, proper development of natural resources, due conservation of natural resources and a thousand questions upon which the Church has no specific message.

Thus men are expecting one thing from the Church and she disappoints them by supplying another, for they do not grasp that what she supplies is more vital than what they ask of her.

This does not mean that the Catholic, as distinct from the Church, has not a duty to work for the best possible society here below. On the contrary, it means that he of all men should work for it with the most urgent sense of the value for souls of a right material and economic organization here among men. But even here, the Catholic must preserve the right balance and avoid the temptation to feel that the spiritual order can only be based upon a sound social order.

The Church does not wait until she finds a sound foundation of natural truth and natural virtue and then proceed to cultivate supernatural faith and virtue. She sows her seed broadcast among publicans and harlots, in the corruption of the great Roman and Hellenistic cities, in the welter of barbarism and violence of the Dark Ages, in the slums of Manchester and New York.

If there has ever been a class entirely deprived of the necessary economic foundations of a good life it was the refugees of the great Irish famine, who were forced to escape from the physical death of starvation into the living death of the awful nineteenth-century slums of Northern England and Eastern America. They were forced to live as animals are not allowed to live nowadays. Yet it is to these men that the Catholic Church in England and America owes its strength today: they, even more than the survivors of the age of persecution and the converts of the Oxford Movement, are the true heroes of the Faith and the creators of modern English and American Catholicism. (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 146)

Half-a-hundred other things crowd into the mind and seem to demand to be written down here. There is no phase of modern life on which Dawson has not said something that goes to the heart of it. But in what I have written, the main elements in his thought are set down. One returns to him again and again as to a source. Among modern sociological writers, he is more like one of those Hebrew prophets upon whom he has meditated so richly. What more he has to give us remains to be seen: but we are not likely soon to exhaust what he has already given.

"BOOTS" BREEN -



Gentleman

By

BRASSIL FITZGERALD

Illustrated by Paul Kinnear

THE Colford fraternities nearly missed Eddy Breen; would have, indeed, were it not for his shoes.

Eddy was a transfer to Colford, '39. A shy sort of goon, and undistinguished; no athlete, no car, and no line; another barb from somewhere back east. Until one day in an Econ class, Spud Nashe of the Sigma rushing committee, noticed his shoes. Brown, beautiful brogues of hand-sewn leather. They looked like Esquire, like dough on the line. Spud's eyes moved from the shoes, up gray tweed to the face of the stranger. He looked all right, too. Haircut, freckles, a wide sensitive mouth, and a good jaw.

Spud's elbow nudged the stranger. "The name's Nashe," he said in a friendly mutter. "What's yours?"

"Breen—Eddy Breen."

Sotto voce, Spud asked, "Where from?"

"Harvard," the stranger answered, and gave his attention again to the prof and the blackboard.

Harvard, and custom-made brogues. In Spud's notebook, "Breen—Eddy" went down on the list of Sigma bids.

So in due time Breen got a pin with seed pearls, a tiny room in a big house, and fifty brothers. The Sigs liked Breen, borrowed his notes and his ties, and ribbed him occasionally about his shoes, a closet-full, and all hand-made. They hadn't cost much, Breen explained when pressed. His dad was retired now in L. A., but he had been in leather. And smiling, "What's it to you?"

Breen was like that, reticent, never quite one of the brothers. Always a little on guard. "The old Harvard reserve," they called it, and him, "Boots Breen."

In his room alone, he smiled at that, an odd smile, that mocked him-

self in his bureau mirror. Then with a shrug he went to his books.

A semester passed, and two.

"Hey, Boots!"

Eddy Breen came out of his room and looked down the well of the stairs. A freshman's face bawled up, "Your folks! Carload!"

Eddy called, "Oke," and went down in a hurry.

There they were in the yard, and the big sedan, a long blue glitter in the four o'clock sunshine. His sister, Clare, giving him a smile that included the boys on the veranda. His brother-in-law, Stan, was driving; chamois gloves on the wheel, polo shirt collar outside his sport coat. Eddy's father was alone in back; his good hat very straight on his head; looking fixedly at nothing, as became a man under strangers' eyes.

SPUD NASHE's eyes missing nothing, "Bring 'em in, Boots," he remarked cordially from the steps. "We'd like to meet them."

Eddy said, "Thanks," and went past him down the steps. He got into the car, and it rolled away. Watching its trunk-case float down the drive, Spud said, thoughtfully, "Where the Cabots speak only to Lodges, and the Breens, Mr. Ripley, not even to Breens."

A brother said, "Nuts," and that was that.

The Breens talked later, in their hotel room, high over the city and the blue busy harbor.

Mr. Breen, senior, a small man, hard fingers worrying the links of his platinum watch chain; thinning gray hair, gold-rimmed glasses; and a long upper lip over even, white teeth. Now and then while he listened, nervously, with his tongue-tip

he pushed them back snugly in place.

You, yourself, may have seen him do that. A few years ago, in a news-reel, while the movie reporter kidded him smoothly. A loud, bland voice, "Now that you've won this fortune, Mr. Breen, you'll live happily ever after?"

Big as life on the screen, Mr. Breen in his shoemaker's apron, tonguing new teeth for speech, "That's as may be, Mister. I won't work so hard, any-ways."

The reporter's bland voice tried again. "Now, Mr. Breen, tell Movie-Sound's vast unseen audience just what winning this money will mean—for instance, your children—you have children?"

That did it. "I have, and good children." A tremor of excitement and pride now in Mr. Breen's voice, telling the reporter, "There's my daughter, Clare, a beautiful girl, if I say so as shouldn't. She's engaged to this young feller that sold me the ticket. Stanley Miller, his name is; an entertainer, and very good, too. He was on the radio once. They'll get married now and go out to California, the way Stan will go into the movies. And nothing will do, but I'm to go with them."

That was enough; the reporter winked and the sound-track stopped. But Mr. Breen didn't know that, telling a dead mike about his son, Eddy. In his first year at Harvard, on a high school scholarship. A one year scholarship, but no matter now. Eddy'd have all the schooling he wanted. A good boy, Eddy, and a great reader. He took that from his mother, God rest her. It sounded like boasting, but it wasn't that. Mr. Breen was but thinking aloud, speaking to a woman who lived in his mind. "He'll be a gentleman, Eddy will," he said confidently.

Later, he had been disappointed, hearing himself in the movies, and all that about Eddy left out. He had been a bit worried lest Eddy feel hurt. Never dreaming his son's embarrassment, sitting there in the dark theatre, Harvard men around him applauding, amused for a moment by the local cobbler. Eddie, too, had been glad to go west, to start again, and unknown, at Colford.

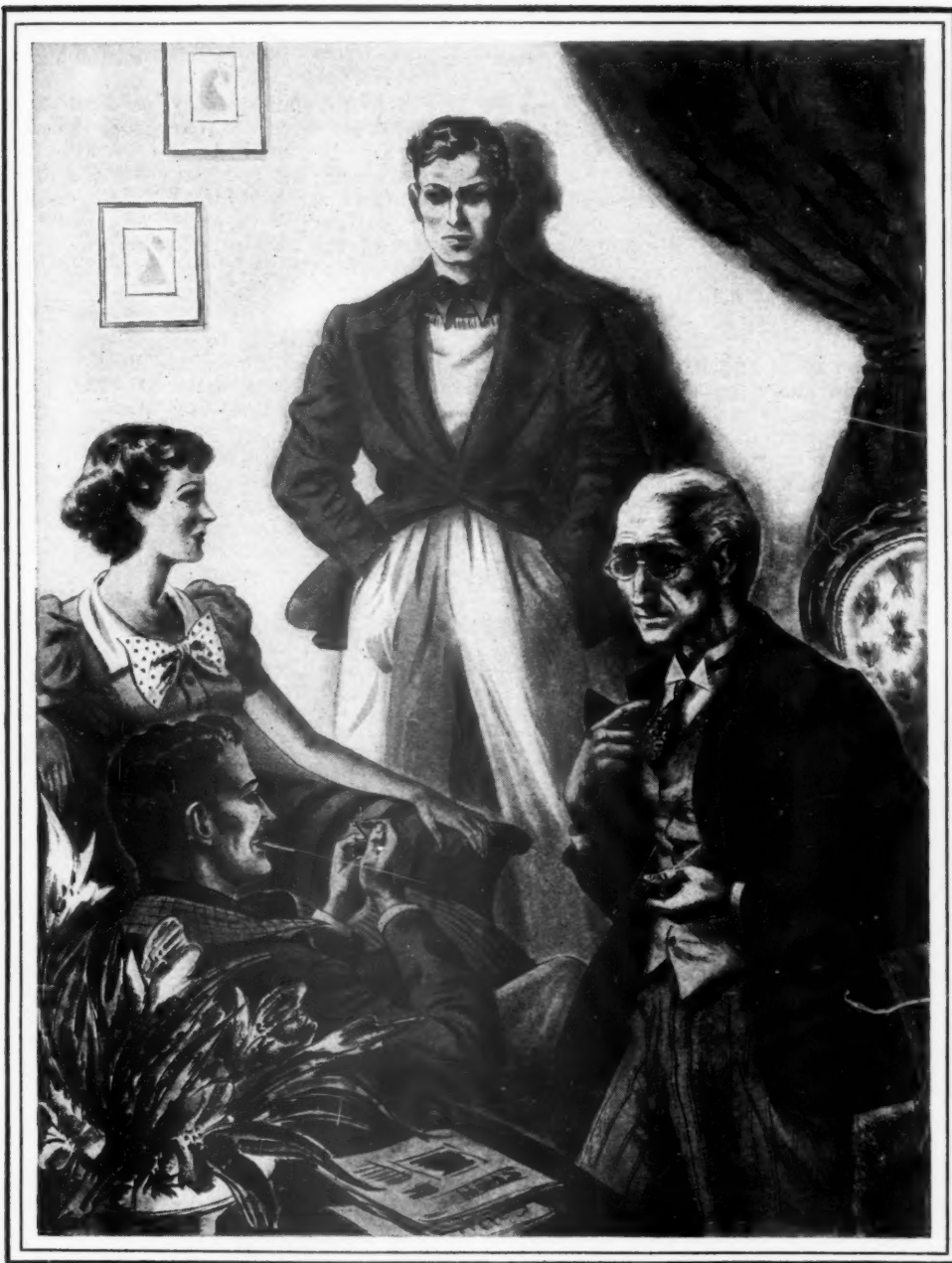
And now, two years later, in a west coast hotel, Mr. Breen watched his children. His daughter, Clare, Mrs. Miller now, a pretty young matron; on the lounge; a magazine cover face, only not smiling, watching her brother. They were all watching Eddy. He stood a little withdrawn from the others, by the wall, his back to the wall like a man at bay. While Stan Miller, in the easy chair, talked smoothly and happily, polishing nails against a palm.

There was trouble in the room, in the closed and carpeted stillness, something depressing, like a heaviness of bad air. Eddy breathed it, listening. He felt it in Stan, a tenseness concealed by his voice telling the good news. The break Stan had waited for; the second lead in a three bell picture. They'd be in the money now, sitting pretty. It was all set. In the bag—almost. "The casting director," he explained smiling, "wants a little sugar."

Eddy's voice was non-committal. "You mean money?"

Stan had a beautiful profile. Watching it now in the bureau mirror, "One grand," he said lightly. And giving Eddy his smile, "The only embarrassment is, I've got to have it tomorrow. They tested another lad, and he's got the cash."

Eddy said gently, "Someone's fooling you, Stan. You can't buy into the



Eddy stood a little withdrawn from the others, his back to the wall like a man at bay. There was trouble in the room

movies. There's too much involved. Too many angles."

Stan kept his smile. "You're telling me? I know the angles." Smiling, he held up two fingers, crossed. "A pal of mine and this casting director are just like that."

From the lounge, Claire said crossly, "You needn't worry, Eddy. You'll get it back all right."

Eddy considered that, frowning. "But why come to me? Why not get it from Dad?"

No one spoke, nor needed to. The

silence answered Eddy; and their faces, not wanting to say it. His father didn't have it. That explained this visit, and the sales talk. Eddy felt sickish, taking it now, the blow he had known would come. It had been in the books. Two years ago he had foreseen it, when he had asked and gotten from his father enough in his own name to put him through school. The rest he had known Stan and Clare would go through, making connections, putting up a front, getting into the movies, via Palm

Springs and the Vendome bar. Still, his mind didn't want to believe it. It couldn't all be gone. And he asked again, "Why not get it from Dad?"

Stan's attention was engaged, lighting a cigarette. He flicked the burnt match at the wastebasket. He missed it.

Mr. Breen's hard fingers stopped worrying his watch chain, and his voice was loud. "I ain't got it, Eddy. I bought a bar in Tia Wanner." He was glaring now at his tall son. "A week after, they closed the whole town."

Mr. Breen stood and jerked down his vest, not liking the silence. "I'll step down and get me a cigar," he said. And to them all stoutly, "Don't be crying now over spilt milk."

And so much milk! thought Eddy. For anyone but the Breens, enough milk for a lifetime.

"Father," Clare cried from the lounge, "you stay right here and tell—"

The door clicked shut. Mr. Breen, with a military genius, had advanced, to the rear.

Stan broke the silence he had left in the room. "I hate to bother you, pal, but—well, you see how it is."

"Yes, I see." Eddy's voice was quiet. "You've taken Dad to the cleaners. Now, it's my turn."

Clare sat up, offended now, and militant. "You're speaking to my husband," she snapped.

Eddy said evenly, "That's your hard luck—and Dad's."

But Stan didn't want a quarrel. "Skip it, Clare," he said, and smoothly to Eddy, "Don't tell us you're stony, too?"

Eddy said, "No. I've got some left in the bank." His eyes defied them both, and his quiet voice. "It's staying in the bank."

Clare was standing now, regarding her brother with no affection. "We'll see what my father says about that!" She sailed by him to the door, and her back despoised him, flouncing out. Stan followed her, adjusting his tie, trying to look amused and indifferent.

EDDY moved to the window and waited, looking at the city—down at the traffic, toy cars moving and stopping, and the hurrying ants that were people. Far out, at the bay, ferries crossing; one liner, shining white in the last of the sunlight.

He stood there, waiting, hardening his heart, steeling his will against them. Against his father, too. He'd be coming soon now, to say what Clare had told him to say. Clare was his daughter, so she had to be right.

Behind him the door clicked, and he smelled a cigar. Behind him his

father's voice said, "I'm ashamed of you, Eddy, talking like that to your sister."

EDDY turned to face him, to say harshly, "Not my sister. Nor your daughter, Dad. Just Mrs. Stan Miller, selling us both down the river for that almost-good dancer, who thinks he's an actor." He didn't say it, looking at his father; the unwise little man who had wanted his children happy. He said what he had to: "It's your money, Dad."

His father glanced around, to be sure they were alone in the room. And his voice, when he spoke, was a guilty whisper, "You keep it, son. That lad's had enough."

Eddy didn't believe it. Nice of his father, but he didn't, he couldn't, mean it. "And Clare?" Eddy asked grimly. "She'd be furious, Dad."

"She'll get over it," his father answered stoutly. And he smiled then at his tall son. "You've got to be a gentleman, Eddy. Your Ma wanted that."

Eddy's voice was gentle and unbelieving. "And you, Dad?"

His father drew nearer, like a guilty conspirator. "I got it all planned. They was bound to ask you, so I let 'em. But if you'd said yes, I wouldn't have stood for it." There was confidence now in Mr. Breen's voice, and no sorrow at all for spilt milk. "We'll go back home, Clare and me and Slippery Dick. And when we get there, I'll sell the car. That will start me again," he said blandly, "where I should have stayed, in a shop of my own. Clare will keep house very well."

In Eddy was gladness like wine, the singing heart quickening and lifting. It meant so much. This chance to go on, to be his own self in this new world. Eddy said, "Thanks. Thanks, Dad." That was all he could say.

A wistfulness came in his father's face, but his voice was still cheerful. "It won't be long, and we'll all be together again."

Eddy nodded. It would be long, and they both knew it. They stood there a second awkwardly, father and son, their ways parting now. Nervously, with his tongue-tip, Mr. Breen pushed his teeth. "Go along now, Eddy, before they come back." So Eddy escaped.

He sat in his room that night trying to study; hearing the house; door, feet on the stairs, somebody whistling, and the telephone ringing. He waited, listening. No—not for him. He couldn't study. The noise of the house didn't bother him. He was used to that. His family was bothering him, as if they were there

in the room. His father and Clare. Clare's hot, angry eyes, and his father explaining, "He's got to be a gentleman." An old-fashioned word, that—a Victorian concept. What he wanted to be was a scholar.

A little wind came in the windows, stirring his notes. He put a book on them, and rose, frowning. If he knew they were gone, it would help. Not on the house phone. What the brothers didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

FROM the bull room, as he crossed the hall, a voice hailed, "Where to, Boots?"

"The library," he said, and went out.

Down the street at the Beta house cars were parking, lanterns on the porch and the beat of music. Then the campus; quiet, and wind-stirred shadows. Through the dark trees the library loomed golden.

He passed the East Gate, and crossed the square to the car-stop, and the block of small stores that served the campus; barber-shop, bookstore, florist and drugstore. Between the florist's and the drugstore, a window was blank and dark. The hat and tie man had surrendered and departed. "He should have stocked shoes," thought Eddy. "They have to wear them," and turned into the drugstore.

Closed in the booth, he got the hotel, and after a wait, his father. "This is Eddy," he said. "You haven't got started?"

His father's voice sounded odd, surprised or embarrassed: "Hello, Eddy. No, I'm still here."

"How are the others, Dad. Did they give you an argument?"

"They're all right. They didn't say much."

Eddy was glad to hear that. He was aware of relief, and affection again for Clare and her husband. Now that he'd won, safe from them now, he could say goodbye at least, and wish them luck. He said to his father, "Let me speak to Sis."

A second of silence. "She ain't here, Eddy."

Something wrong. It was in his father's voice. Eddy asked, "Where is she?"

No answer.

"Where is she?" he asked again, and "Can you hear me?"

His father had heard him. "I don't know, Eddy. Back to Seattle, I guess. I was down to the barbershop when they went."

"And the car?" Eddy asked quickly. "Did they take it?"

A chuckle that wasn't amused. "The joke's on me, Eddy." And a loud voice to hide hurt. "It was in Stan's name, you know. I let him buy it for

me, and I never bothered to get it changed. I guess they thought it was theirs."

"Yes," said Eddy, biting his lips. When he spoke again his voice was curt. "Well, what now? What are you going to do?"

"I'll be all right. I'll go home on the bus."

"How much money have you?"

His father didn't tell him. "Well, I could use fifty," he admitted. "They forgot the bill downstairs."

Eddy's mouth was dry with a taste of shame. "I'll go to the bank and get some in the morning," he said.

"There's no hurry, Eddy. Noontime would do fine. You could bring it over and we'd have lunch together." There was a wistfulness now in his voice. "I could take the night bus very well."

"He's lonesome," thought Eddy, and wanted to be out of the close little booth, to hear no more. "I'll call you in the morning, Dad. Good night, Dad. Good night."

"Good night, son."

The night air was cool again on his face. And he saw a car, a roadster he knew. Spud Nashe with a Beta date, slowing to the curb to stop at the Inn. In no mood for Spud, he turned his back to the sidewalk and stared in a lighted window. The Florist Shop. A lot of roses, and a card, "Special for Father's Day."

Behind him, laughter, and Spud's voice going off. Eddy looked hard at the roses. "That would be a nice gesture," he thought. His father on the bus with an armful of roses. "Love and kisses from Clare and Eddy." His mouth was dry with a taste of it all. "Grand to have kids," thought Eddy.

In the morning from the bank he called his father. "Sorry, Dad, I can't make it for lunch. I'll be rushed all day." He thought of a good excuse. "I'm taking a test."

A little silence. "That's all right, Eddy. Don't you fail in it now, both-ering with me."

Eddy sounded amused "No, I won't fail in it, bothering with you." He was quickly serious again, a business-

like voice, brisk and efficient. "Now, listen, Dad, you come over here at five. Take a Colford car and get off at the East Gate." He didn't give his father time to object. "Five o'clock, right," he said, clicked down the receiver and went to his test.

He was through before five and waiting when his father descended from the trolley, a neat little man, first off, and glad to see Eddy. But, very much on his dignity, a stern father's voice. "Did you pass that test, Eddy?"

Eddy nodded. "It wasn't so hard."

They sat on the bench by the gate,

"They'll tell you that off the altar, if they don't at college."

Eddy said nothing, wisely.

Across the street the man had come down from his ladder. The campus bells tolled five, slow golden notes, shaking the air. When they stopped, Eddy got to his feet. "Come on, Dad," he said, "let's go eat."

They crossed the square and walked the sidewalk together, the little straight man and his tall son. Past the bookstore and the florist shop, where the roses were gone, and the Father's Day card.

Where the hat store had been,

Eddy stopped, a light hand on his father's arm, and a nervous voice trying to be casual. "Nice lettering, that. There on the window."

Mr. Breen stopped, too, and looked. He fixed his glasses and looked again. Shiny new letters, big and black. "Breen & Son. Custom Shoes and Fine Repairing." And in smaller letters beneath, "Collections and deliveries."

"That will be my end," Eddy said cheerfully. "After classes and nights. I'll get a bicycle."

Mr. Breen's eyes were troubled, looking up at his son. He tongued his teeth and said, "What will your friends think, Eddy? Them Sigma fellers? How will they like it?"

Eddy had thought of that, too. That was the test he'd taken, and passed. So now he smiled,

afraid of no one. "We'll let them worry about that," he said. "The question is, how do you like it? That's all that matters."

His father's face told him, the look of his eyes, and his upper lip trembling. "You're a good son, Eddy," he said. Then he pushed back his hat. "But you should have asked me first." Love in his voice, and a deep wishing; but a deep pride, too, the pride of a man with work in him yet, a good shoemaker always. "I don't need anyone," he said.

There on the sidewalk, Eddy's fingers tightened on his father's arm. His own flesh and blood, he thought. "But I need you," he said. "Boots" Breen, gentleman.



"Now Mr. Breen, tell Movie-Sound's vast unseen audience just what winning this money will mean"



Dr. Oliveira Salazar, Premier of Portugal

Salazar and Portugal

Salazar Has Brought About an Almost Miraculous Economic and Financial Recovery in Portugal

By CATHERINE DE HUECK

THE day was hot and brilliant, the train overcrowded and stifling. It was a real pleasure on alighting to behold the cool, calm sea stretching out lazily before me with its necklace of shore line.

The little town of Boulogne, France, was dreaming in the noon-day sun. Only the docks were active. In no time I had forgotten the heat, as our tug-boat chugged along toward the giant white ship of the South American Line that was to take me to Lisbon, Portugal. There that great Christian leader, Salazar, was trying out a novel experiment in statesmanship, which bade fair to give to a weary world, if it would only listen, the answer to its many, seemingly hopeless, modern problems.

The personality of Salazar fascinated me. Some time previously I had read in *THE SIGN* an article on "A Corporative State in Action," describing the new State of Portugal

and its unusual "dictator," who seemingly was such not by his own volition but by the will of the people.

What I had read about him made me curious to discover more and to get a clearer idea of his principles, and of their practical application to the whole nation. Those principles seemed to be broadly based on the Encyclical of Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*, which outlines the essentials of a corporative state as the ideal basis of social reconstruction. They would seem, therefore, to give at least a partial answer to questions that have worried Catholic leaders the world over—namely, how to apply the teachings of the encyclicals to practical life and to the rebuilding of our social system.

How complete was the answer of Salazar and Portugal I was to learn later. But as I was settling down in my new floating quarters I reviewed all I knew about Salazar, and this

did not amount to much. I had read that he was born in 1889 in the small village of Comba Doa in the Province of Beira, Portugal. His father, a man of little education, was first a worker on a rich farmer's land. Later, by dint of frugality and saving, he managed to buy a little inn with a small piece of ground in the village of St. Combra. His mother, a stern and severe woman, brought up her children very strictly. She kept the house in spotless order, balancing the accounts of the small inn as her famous son was later to balance those of a nation.

Salazar was, then, a real son of the people. From his family and his early environment he inherited a great capacity for work and the ability always to complete a task, the spirit of frugality, simplicity and prudence. His character was marked by a certain wholesome hardness and a native, witty irony, a profound sense of authority as well as a great respect for tradition. He had also a profound religious faith—thus exemplifying the best of the very soul of Portugal—its Peasantry.

AT FIRST Salazar thought he had a vocation for the priesthood, and accordingly entered the Seminary of Velsa at the age of thirteen. There he benefited greatly by a serious and fundamental training which left a profound impression on his whole life.

He early showed an aptitude for economic studies, a talent which led his teachers to advise him to leave the Seminary and devote himself to them after completing his studies at the University of Coimbra. He followed their advice, and graduated a few years later from that university with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Due to his wonderful record and profound knowledge he was at once offered the chair of political economy and finance, which he accepted. He thus became professor at the same University of Coimbra at the age of twenty-seven years.

He was never interested in politics and would never have taken part in them from personal choice. But in 1920—the year of the tragic devaluation of Portuguese money—Salazar, who for many years had been trying to point out to the country the danger of such a possibility for a nation that had to import foodstuffs and primary necessities, felt himself in duty bound to join a few others of the same opinion who had just formed a Catholic Party. Their organ was the *Novidades*, and Salazar contributed to it regularly. He was even elected a member of Parliament in 1921, but sat there only one day.

Convinced of the hopelessness of Parliamentary action he resigned and ceased all political activity.

Then came the national revolution of May 1926, when the army, disgusted with the graft and incapacity of the government, revolted and successfully assumed power. They found themselves face to face with financial problems which none of their members could solve. They looked around for someone who could, and their choice fell on Salazar. With great difficulty they persuaded him to accept the post of Minister of Finance. He at last consented, and on Saturday, June 6th, 1927, entered upon his duties. The following Thursday saw him back at Coimbra University teaching his classes, for his demands had not been accepted nor his program approved.

While he was calmly continuing his lectures, the inevitable debacle was taking place, and the country, almost in complete bankruptcy, appealed to the League of Nations for a loan. The League agreed, on the condition that it should receive full control of Portuguese finances. To such a foreign invasion of its most intimate rights the government could not consent. The President of the Republic, General Carmona, called Salazar again, but the latter refused. When the President insisted,

Salazar, tearing a leaf from his memo book, wrote in pencil a few words which read as follows, and which were his ultimatum: "The Minister of Finance shall have full power in his department. No other Minister nor public institution can draw up a budget nor spend any moneys without the authorization and control of the Minister of Finance."

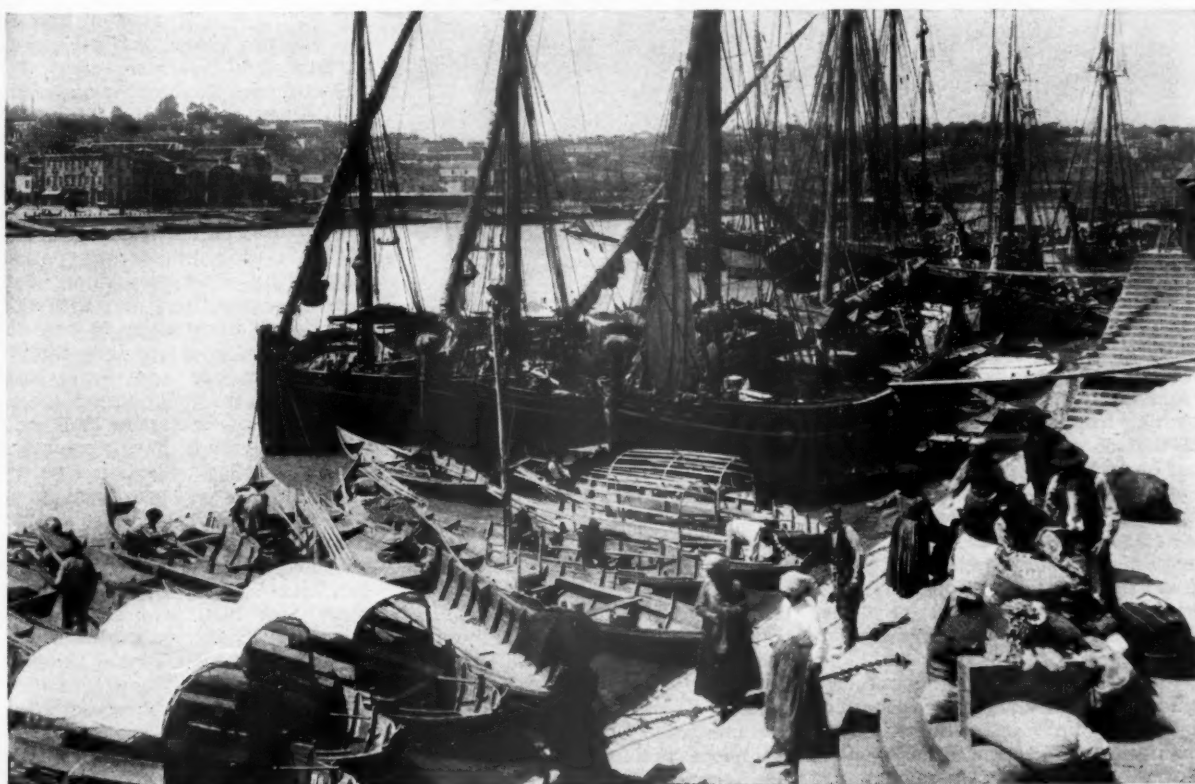
It was a financial dictatorship, but it was accepted. The alternative was a foreign domination of the country's finances. Salazar came back to Lisbon on April 27th, 1928, and calmly started his day by sending a telegram to Geneva stopping all financial negotiations with the League of Nations. He then wrote his first characteristically brief public statement: "The rigid principles that are going to govern our common work show a decided and firm will to regularize once and for all the financial and economic life of the nation. I need in this difficult task the absolute, but calm and serene, confidence of the country. . . . I know exactly what I want, and where I am headed for. I will keep the country informed of the measures necessary for the achievement of this goal. Let the country discuss them, study them, make representations regarding them, but let the

country obey when I command." He added that he did not care for power and that there were daily trains running from Lisbon to Coimbra. . . . But he never had to take one.

Thus did Salazar begin to bring order out of chaos. And for the last nine years, the budget has been perfectly balanced. To one who remembers Portuguese political conditions from 1910 to 1926 under forty different governments, this seems little short of miraculous. In 1933 he was named President of the Council and was able to undertake economic, political and social reforms which have already brought peace, prosperity and security to the country. He never relinquished the portfolio of the Minister of Finance.

Such was the general outline of the life of Salazar, and of his rise to power, that I thought over on board ship as we sailed through the gay sunshine and blue of the sea toward Portugal.

But this knowledge had all been gathered from books, and I wanted real first-hand information. I was not going to waste my precious days on board a ship filled with Portuguese and people who knew Portugal well, so I kept my eyes and ears open to observe and catch those stray bits of conversation which, better than all books, bring one the real facts. All the Portuguese aboard



A busy shipping scene at Oporto, one of the most beautifully situated cities in Portugal

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

spoke of Salazar in the highest terms. It was an old Portuguese lady who summed up for me what I was so eager to understand. "Do we like Salazar?" she answered to my question. "Why it is asking if we like Portugal—for Salazar is Portugal, and Portugal is Salazar. Without him there would be no Portugal today, but some sort of soulless U.S.S.R."

Salazar is Portugal. With these words ringing in my ears I descended the gangplank of the steamer to Lisbon, that gem of the Atlantic, that gay town of many-colored houses built, so the legends say, by Ulysses on seven steep hills looking down on one of the most beautiful natural harbors in the world.

joy, and one had only to look at their faces to know that they felt sincerely and completely that they and the country had escaped the greatest calamity that could befall them—the loss of a dictator they themselves had chosen to dictate.

No reprisals followed. The police were making an effort to find the criminal responsible for the deed, but this was in the nature of daily routine work. Salazar came and went freely as before. Life flowed with its usual rhythm, except for the many Masses that were said in all the churches in thanksgiving for his escape. The churches were filled, and although in some officialdom prevailed, others were thronged with

guages and mostly on economic subjects, might be considered a luxury. Two servants attend to his needs. He is single, and is seldom seen in public. He attends Mass and receives Holy Communion daily in a private chapel. On the wall facing his desk in his office, where he works late into the night, is a large picture of the Sacred Heart. He attends a few of official dinners which he cannot escape. He does not seek popularity; in fact he shuns it. He is not an orator, although the short and precise speeches which he delivers on all the important measures and changes of policy are models of brevity and clarity.

THIN and stooped, as if the responsibilities of his office were at times too heavy for his shoulders, he looks taller than he really is. With his dark hair slightly tinged with gray, his grave eyes and ascetic face, straight mouth and resolute chin, he reminds one of a Portuguese portrait of the Fifteenth Century. His voice is low and pleasant. His head, often bent to one side, seems to express an attention concentrated on the words of his companion or guest. He answers briefly and to the point. Such is the man who stands behind the regeneration of Portugal—the man who said that his dictatorship would not allow any growth of personal power.

That there is a regeneration no one who has visited this country in the last eight years can deny. For the proofs are there under one's very eyes. Miles of splendid roads take you comfortably to points that were utterly unattainable a few years ago, and still more roads are being built everywhere, shortening distances here, opening beautiful views there, quickening the life of the nation, bringing its widely separated parts ever closer together—and with it a consequent improvement in business for the cities and especially for the farmers who can now bring their products to the neighboring towns. Modern buses, traversing this network of new roads, have encouraged travel. This has helped to free the people of narrow provincial prejudices and to bind them into a closer national unity. It has brought them to know one another and has familiarized them with the various scenic and historic beauties with which their country abounds, arousing in them a wholesome pride in their great national heritage.

River beds have been cleaned, ports have been rebuilt and enlarged, slums cleared, and new houses built. Industries have been developed, and electrical power extended over the



One of the many beautiful scenes on the Douro River in Portugal

That same day a cunningly contrived attack was made on Salazar's life. A bomb exploded a few feet from his automobile as he was returning from Mass in the early hours of the morning. Miraculously it did not harm him or anyone else. Grimly I said to myself—here is a definite sign that he is not as popular as he is supposed to be, for if a nation is unanimously behind a leader nobody goes around throwing bombs at him. And I waited for reprisals, and the usual tightening of various laws, and wholesale arrests.

I waited in vain. Nothing of the kind happened. Instead, I witnessed demonstration after demonstration, spontaneous and general, before the Government House where Salazar worked. People were hysterical with

humble fisherwomen who left their baskets on the steps, with simple peasants and ordinary people who seemed anxious to take part in the service for the one man who had given them peace and security in these notoriously insecure times. The days that followed the bombing outrage showed me, better than anything else, and should have shown the world, that here indeed was that miracle of miracles—a really popular dictator. Yet I prefer to call him a leader—the word suits him more.

Salazar lives in a small ordinary house, one of many in a fairly narrow street of Lisbon. There is nothing to distinguish it from its neighbors. The interior of the house is as simple as the exterior. Only a very large library, in many lan-

July, 1938

whole country. Hospitals, sanitariums and schools have been opened everywhere—and always the budget is balanced. Such is the evidence that meets the eyes of the traveler everywhere, and when one inquires how it was done the answer is always the same—"Salazar did it."

Slowly my eager questions asked in faraway America were being answered under my very eyes. And the character of the man I had been eager to know more about was being reflected for me in the order, prosperity and well-being of the country.

But what was that mind like, that accomplished so simply and so directly what most nations desired to do but never succeeded in accomplishing, even at the price of bloodshed and revolution? What were his methods, his principles? I discovered them in Salazar's speeches, which have appeared in French but not in English. They reflect the mind and the heart of one of the greatest statesmen of our times, of one who is putting his stamp on the civilization of the future and who should be an object lesson to countries now in the throes of unrest and misery.

The mind of Salazar is an unusual type of mind for Portugal; it is like a cool breeze from his native mountains. There is nothing of the politician in him; he is strong in what many of his people lack—moral integrity and firmness of principle. His principles, and in consequence his methods, are of a moral as well as intellectual order.

HE BELIEVES that politics is an education, and a moral education at that! He also believes that a people can be educated and its faults corrected by appropriate organization and institutions. A badly educated or uneducated people becomes its own destroyer. To develop in the people a conception of the common good, to teach them to work in the spirit of national tradition, and according to the real needs of the country, to eliminate forever conflicts in economic life due to misconceptions of the true nature and dignity of labor, to reintegrate labor into economic life, and this latter into the national life—such is the desire of Salazar.

A moderate nationalism is then necessary for the Portuguese people, to bring back to them the realization of what they are, and what they should be, to make their patriotism active and to spur them to great and heroic measures of reconstruction. But this nationalism should be only a means, not an end in itself, for a nation is not an isolated entity but exists in the midst of other nations.

In order to achieve this, the intervention of the State is inevitable. To imagine that a nation will reform itself by the mere fact that all liberties are placed in its hands is Utopian dreaming. Such reorganization can come only through authority. I say authority deliberately, not dictatorship, for the régime of Salazar is not a dictatorship in the absolute sense of the word, such as we find, for instance, in Germany and Russia. Salazar has never desired to destroy personal liberty in favor of himself or the State. He seeks to assure to the people those liberties which are rightfully theirs. Far from striving to set up a totalitarian state, he is a decided op-

ponent of any such idea. He wants to strengthen the State, but nevertheless to diminish gradually its intervention and field of action.

For Salazar governing is thus a practical method of action. He uses his authority with firmness and prudence, moving slowly, a little at a time, opposing his adversaries gently, for he knows human nature too well to hurry it. He stands for purity of principles, but does not feel himself called to apply them too rigidly. He is primarily an organizer, who prefers to administer rather than to rule. One of his favorite sayings is: "Sometimes one must be more afraid of the remedies than of the ills."

Salazar traces the birth of the New Corporative Portuguese State to the chaos of the last depression,

which was in turn due to the evils of individualism, socialism, parliamentarianism run wild, and internationalism. All this resulted in an increased passivity of the State, and in a weakening of public authority and power. At this stage in many countries the instinct of self-preservation was aroused in the people and led them into nationalism, as opposed to individualism, which, due to the violence of the reaction, became extreme and led to another evil, just as dangerous as the first. Only sane and calm reason could open a middle road between international chaos and national extremism, and this middle road could be found only in a constitution or



Small Portuguese sailboats loaded with cargoes of port wine

régime capable of harmonizing all the political and social elements of the nation in all the various manifestations of its collective life on one side, and the force of the State, its power of co-ordination of the above elements, on the other. For Portugal this was the Corporative State.

The outline and methods of the new government are too well known to need repetition, the more so because a splendid article on it appeared in the May, 1937 issue of *THE SIGN*. Temporarily under a popular dictator who will guide its first steps, strong in its regained order, peace and prosperity within, its prestige and credit without, Portugal stands as a lesson to the rest of humanity—which seemingly blindly seeks without finding.

TOLEDO

By AILEEN O'BRIEN

Illustrated by Paul Kinnear

ONE night, near the end of September, I climbed into one of Seville's lazy horse-drawn carriages, and directed the driver to a house in the old Barrio Santa Cruz, perhaps the most beautiful and startling quarter of any city in the world.

The air was laden with the scent of jasmine, and as we jogged quietly through the narrow spotless streets, which have a character as individual and lovable as the erratic Sevillanos themselves, snatches of soft laughter and music drifted through the massive wrought-iron gates whose intricate designs threw fantastic shadows on the starlit sky. The cathedral, a sombre mass of lacy stone, and the graceful tower of the Giralda, brooded in silence. Far off, a clear voice flung far out over the city's roofs the rippling, swaying, stumbling notes of a *canto hondo*, the music that is an integral part of Saint Fernando's lovely fickle city.

A cascade of green leaves and cream-colored flowers tumbled over a high white wall, dark blue in the velvet night, and swept by with a fragrant caress. I felt a stab of pain at the conscious magic of Seville, flaunting her beauty and her laughter in the face of those who suffered. The silver water of a fountain tinkled merrily.

The carriage stopped at the sombre entrance of a house in a street so narrow and cool that the roofs of the houses nearly touched, leaving only a long jerky river of stars visible overhead.



"Here's a toast to Spain, my friends, the Spain that can't be killed."

OIS OURS!

One Would Have to Have Shared the Joy of the People of Seville at the Capture of Toledo to Be Able to Feel and Describe it As the Author Does



The pesetas I held out fell into a long dark hand.

"*Gracias, Señorita, vaya Vd. con Dios.*"

"Go with God," I answered and pulled the brass bell which murmured far off in the dark depths of the house.

We dined in a long room whose doors opened out on one side onto a fragrant patio and on the other onto a walled garden where a pool reflected the stars that seemed to throb in the deep purple vault.

The shameless beauty of it all made one restless. Toledo, Madrid, Barcelona. But above all, Toledo! What was happening there?

A sleek young head was moving restlessly and complaining in the liquid accents of Seville of being kept at home for two weeks, when other regiments were at the Front.

"Patience, son, patience." My eyes sought that white head that certainly showed fortitude and patience. Eight sons, and five of them at the Front together, and this youngster, barely seventeen, who wanted to go to the real Front. Not the Andalusian Front where the enemy ran like rabbits, but the one which was pushing its way to Toledo, and whose hopes strained beyond the imperial city, to Madrid.

The faces of the women barely showed the strain of waiting, waiting for the news that came fitfully from the Front, scrawled on bits of dirty paper. They were all quiet, and peace was everywhere. The peace that comes of a loving acceptance of a greater Will. The depth of their strength was like the depth of the purple sky.

"It's after ten o'clock," said my hostess. "Jaime, put on the radio, please." Turning to me, she added: "We always listen to the General. Do you?"

"Yes," I laughed. "The Sevillanos call him the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, don't they? He certainly roars like it."

There was affectionate laughter in everyone's eyes. General Queipo de Llano, with his loud voice and his soft heart, was king in the hearts of

Seville. We watched Jaime fiddle with the radio, and then we settled down to the General's radio hour, the only hour when Seville's laughing babble is hushed.

Someone, as usual, knocked something over in the General's room and was being told off in an audible stage-whisper by an irate technician. We all laughed again.

But the General did not roar as usual. His voice sounded queer, and he had to clear it several times before speaking.

"My friends," he said, "I have some special news for you. My talk tonight will be very short. All I want to say—all I can say is this." And there was a silence in which we could each hear the beating of our hearts. "My friends, Toledo . . . Toledo is ours!"

When I lifted my eyes that, somehow, failed to focus well, I saw Jaime's dark face turned to the stars, and there were tears in his eyes. My host and hostess smiled at each other, shining with pride in the old Spain that was theirs. One of the girls was sobbing with her golden head resting on the table.

Jaime turned to us with a face from which discontent and restlessness had magically disappeared. He threw his napkin on the table.

"Come on out! *A la calle!*" And to the street we went, where Seville must always rejoice in common.

There was shouting and laughter everywhere. And singing. Great waves of song bounded and rebounded against the white walls. The great weight of dread that had been on all of us since the beginning of the war had been lifted by the voice of the General. Seville was mad with joy.

Toledo! Toledo! Toledo!

"Oh my God, Toledo!"

A surge of running boys caught me and carried me away from my friends, far into the crowd that was heading towards the Plaza San Fernando. Laughing, I pushed my way to the edge of the throng and as we ran by a side street I flung myself into its inviting and semi-deserted depths. There was a young woman

leaning against a wall, with closed eyes.

"Toledo is ours!" And I shook her.

"Yes." Her eyes opened. "This morning they took it. And my husband was killed."

She put out her hands as if in prayer, and fell into my arms with a dry sob. After a moment she lifted her head and smiled.

"Toledo is ours! If he saw me crying he would be angry. Toledo is ours!" And she disappeared down the dark street that soon was as full of jostling humanity as the wider *avenidas*.

The fierce sorrow that filled me as I listened to the words of the young woman mingled with the fierce joy of that unforgettable night and deepened it, making it a symphony of all that is great in man. Another wave surged up and again I was carried forward. They were all volunteers in their clean torn shirts and noiseless rope-soled shoes. I felt a strong arm go around my waist and hold me.

"Don't fall, or we'll have to scrape you up in the morning," laughed a voice in my ear, and then the voice intoned the hymn of the Legion. The swinging tune rang joyously as more and more voices joined in. It died out suddenly as we were thrown, like wreckage on an island, onto the steps of the cathedral. With a rush, my companions were at the door and, like panting ghosts, we slipped into the gloom.

"Drive a wedge to the altar," whispered someone.

In formation we advanced through the crowds, towards the glittering spot where hundreds of candles burned before a side altar. When we reached it, a sudden surge brought us up against the railings and the door opened. The chapel was crowded in a moment.

"Watch out for the candles," someone said, and four of my companions made a cordon round the tall brass stand on which tiers and tiers of candles formed a flaming pyramid.

We knelt on the velvet-covered steps and thousands of eager eyes were fixed in humble adoration on the

small golden door of the Tabernacle.

"Ay, Jesús," sighed a youngster who leaned against the lace-covered front of the altar. "Que bueno eres." How good You are.

"We must let the others have a chance," someone whispered, so we began pushing our way out again. On the steps outside my escort was buffeted right and left by a mass of eager men and women, and then they were swept to one side and had to jump for the street. A laughing face was turned up to me and an arm waved farewell.

"Go with God!"

"Thanks!" And they were swallowed up in the crowd.

Up in the streets behind San Salvador Church we found relative quiet, and leaning against a wall, we tried to get our breath.

"There's a wonderful tavern here," gasped José. "It's not very proper for a young lady to go into one, but I don't think anyone will notice or care tonight. Come on in and we'll get a drink. I'm dying."

The place was crowded with the long lean men of Andalusia, in the wide hats and soft leather chaps of the *Caballistas*, and a jovial man with a fat face and a tongue that rattled like the hoofs of a runaway horse was serving small glasses of golden wine.

"Two *manzanillas* here, Don Pepe," called José.

"It's only on nights like this that a young lady has the courage to come to the heart of Seville," laughed Don Pepe as he placed our glasses on the small table. He waddled back behind his bar and, leaning over it, called out to a group of men dressed in sombre mufti.

"Don Fermin!" he roared.

A hand raised a black hat and a man smiled mockingly.

"Well, Don Pepe?"

"THIS is a night for you and your Leftist friends to weep instead of polluting the air of my tavern," laughed Don Pepe.

Don Fermin left his table and came to stand in front of the bar. He turned leisurely and smiled on us all.

"Don't faint, Don Pepe," he said, "but the news I'm about to announce would make the General himself jealous, even on a night like this."

"And what is the news, Don Fermin?"

"Tomorrow I enlist in the Legion."

A roar of laughter interspersed with "*vivas*" filled the white vaults of the tavern.

Don Fermin reached out a hand and took a guitar that was leaning against a table.

"With your kind permission," he murmured to the owner, as he bent an ear and delicately twanged the chords.

"Castilla," he said, and a lilting, elusive tune rippled sweetly through the room. Don Fermin's voice was quiet and soft:

"Broad is Castille, and strong, the golden plain, the heart of Spain. Rumors of war speed lightly over the sun-baked soil, and strike at the heart of those in the market place, whose trade is sweet bread, wine and oil. Gallant the clanking of armor, thunder the swift feet of steeds as the Cid and Don Juan and Don Carlos rise out of the plain, the heart of Spain, to join us in doing great deeds. What man could remain, I ask you, friends, when the ghosts of old Spain rise once again to gallop across the plain?"

DON FERMIN was in a mellow mood and we listened to his soft voice and smiled at him. It was a night of joy and Don Fermin's words and gentle music sobered the high-strung spirits, violently freed at last from the dread of the Alcazar's fall.

"You see, my friends," he was saying, "it's of no earthly use to fight against such men as Don Carlos and Don Juan of Austria, and the whole lot of them have gone out to the wars. As you ride to the north they throw their great shadows across the stars, and Don Juan's scarlet cloak whips round and snaps in the breeze like a whip. The red of his cloak and the gold of his hair are the colors of Spain. Could those men lie quiet in their graves when Spaniards are crying death to Spain?"

"There is where my unfortunate friends of the Left have made their mistake. They thought that the race was dead, but Don Carlos and Don Juan have ridden throughout the land and kicked us all as we lay asleep. Up and fight for what we gave you! they shout, and ride on with the wind. And they're not the only ones, mind you. There's not a saint in heaven that's not a rebel. Could you bear to face Loyola with anything but a gun in your hand today? Not I, my friends, not I. Heaven would be too small to hold the two of us, and no doubt poor sinning Fermin would be the one to leave."

He shook a sorrowful head and drained another glass.

"But the worst one, my friends. The worst one of all. The lady of Avila who never could keep her beautiful finger out of any Spanish ple. Do you sleep in the illusion that she hasn't been recruiting every saint in heaven into an angelic foreign legion? The day you least suspect

she'll come prancing down the streets of Seville on her white horse and her black eyes snapping, driving every man before her as she drove them long ago. If we are to escape her anger the only place for us is the Front."

Don Fermin shivered and we all shivered with him. None of us was prepared to face Saint Teresa of Avila with her tongue like a razor blade.

"But, Don Fermin," objected a voice, "where's your Socialism?"

Don Fermin shook his head.

"I tell you, I might fight against Franco, and against you *caballistas* any day, but not against Spain. And Spain won't die, no matter how many lunatics shout death to her and long life to Russia. It's not shouts that count, but deeds. And where have they, the Reds, anything to compare with the Alcazar of Toledo? I thought that the old Spain was dead and turned to other masters, but old Spain is throbbing with life, and we've only been asleep. Here's a toast to Spain, my friends, the Spain that can't be killed!"

As we left the tavern and made our way to my hotel, I noticed that the noise had grown much less and that the hush of the early evening had begun to fall again.

José stopped and put a hand on my arm. "What do you feel like tonight?"

"I feel like a historian who has found a document of incalculable value, and waits for the light of dawn to read it. We've been living history, José, for the past two months, and tomorrow we shall learn the details of an action that will go down through the centuries like the annals of the Cid. Never in all my life have I felt such deep happiness and pride."

"I'M NUMB. Absolutely numb," said José.

The dawn was breaking as I stood at my window and looked out over Seville, and I knew that it was useless to try to sleep. I laughed at the thought of reading the account of one of Spain's historic deeds in the morning papers and not in a lengthy annotated tome.

I sat by the window and watched the dawn break swiftly, and thought of Charles, Emperor of Europe, who had built the Alcazar of Toledo, and a great pride in my generation welled up within me. I knew that Charles, greatest emperor of Spain, would be far prouder of those smoking ruins than of the proud fortress that once had stared so haughtily and so majestically across the golden plains of Castille.

† SIGN

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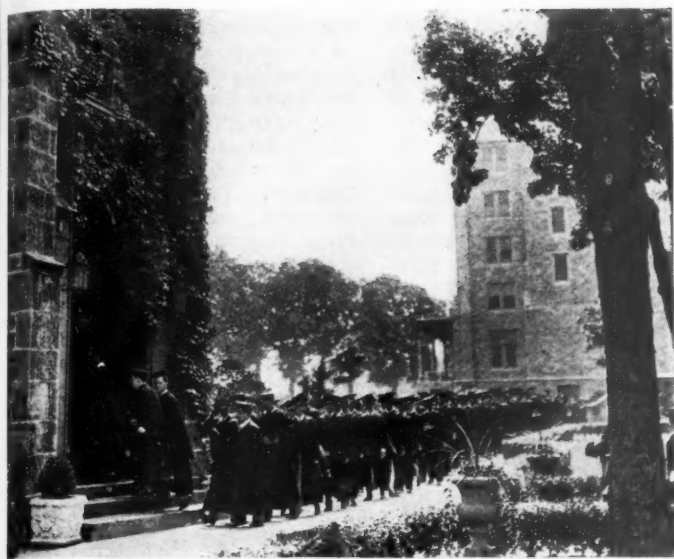
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Graduation at Fordham, an outstanding Catholic institution of learning

Faith, Hope and College

By DAVID HENNESSEY

In Classrooms of Many of Our Secular Institutions of Learning, Attended
by Catholic Boys and Girls, God is a Myth and Religion a Menace

A SOAP box and a letter: and both the result of college. What a merry mix-up of ideas this would be, were it not for the man on the soap box and the man who wrote the letter. And here let me introduce college contrasts. It all happened one fine May morning. First I got the letter; afterward I spied a soap box on the campus of Boston College. Literally a mob was gathered about the young chap on the box. Were it not for the Gothic background, the scene would have been in the best Union Square tradition. I joined the group. I listened. This young collegian was talking on "Our Mother Of Good Counsel!" I had stumbled in upon the daily student devotion to Mary meeting during the month of May.

Now in my pocket I had the letter, a sordid few lines from a lad who four years before had entered the University of Pittsburgh from a Catholic High School. I knew his sister; she is a nun. This letter was to tell me that graduation was at hand, his education completed. I might be surprised to learn, he informed me, that he was now "a good Communist and a devout atheist." By way of explanation he added that he had done a lot of thinking. "Facts" had been presented to him. He had drawn his conclusions. He wondered how he ever "fell" for the "patter" the Church teaches. A sordid little letter, a sad little letter. And here it was with me at a May rally for Mary, the Queen of Heaven. And I thought of the boy's father and mother.

We are confronted, here in Amer-

ica, by the serious problem of thousands of Catholic young men and women matriculating at State and privately endowed secular institutions. This is not merely a problem for the Catholic sociologist or the parish priest. It is a grave responsibility that parents must be made to realize.

There is a strange sort of psychological exhilaration that makes a father add mental cubits to his height when he can say, "Yes, I'm putting Bob through Yale," or, "I'm sending Susan to Smith." It adds to his prestige so much more than to have to admit to non-Catholic associates that he is sending Bob to Holy Cross or Susan to Trinity. That would be an unnecessary dragging of religion into things just not religious. An indefensible attitude, of course, but a fact. And so every Fall fond parents send off their seventeen-year-old boys and girls to Harvard, and Williams, and Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. The name alone of such colleges, so the legend runs, will give their children a social boost in life. It will be a preferential passport in the world of business and even in professional lines.

But there is something more to be considered. And this something more is of tremendous, even eternal importance. It is of interest to any Catholic parent to provide his children with the means of social and material betterment. But to any Catholic parent it is not worth the price if he must run the risk of having his children come home to him with belief in Christ lost in some history lecture. To any Catholic father or mother so-

cial entrée will never compensate for the sexual aberrations and dogmatic perversions born in their children during four years of the tempo and tone of modern collegiate life.

This September a new batch of growing Catholic children will be distributed to the professors of secular colleges throughout the land, to be trained and mentally guided in "Patterns of Life." The molding of plastic youth will be entrusted to men who are apt to be anti-Catholic, anti-Christian, pro-pagan. Beguiled by the fair name of the college, the parent assures himself that his children will never have a doubt about religion or morality. For after all, haven't his children had a Catholic education right through high school!

IT is a fundamental fact in education that youths are influenced more by persons than by principles. Catholic children are not theologians because they have gone to Catholic schools. They are not sent to college to refute professorial errors, could they perceive them. They are sent to learn. And they learn what they are taught. The staggering difficulties of faith that come to untrained minds from statements gently tossed from the lecture platforms of men of reputed erudition can be attested by chaplains to the various undergraduate Catholic clubs. To youth the argument from authority is the strongest. To the average undergraduate the *ipse dixit* of a professor is a final argument.

The very texts used and the re-

quired reference reading, covering hundreds of titles in the various fields of learning from biology to philosophy, are impregnated with doctrines condemned by the Church. Many of the books are forbidden by the Church. Some quite candidly attack and scoff at Catholic "credulity." The warp and woof of these books that are flooding our secular colleges are the pragmatism of William James and John Dewey, the social philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and the outmoded evolutionary dogmas of Darwin, Huxley, et al. Many are tinted various shades from pink to red, depending on the amount of Marxian pigment used. These your Catholic girl or boy must study as true under the penalty of being flunked.

The only excusing factor for our

is that their printed works are still very much in scholastic circulation. We have given the college with which the professor was affiliated at the time of publication as an indication of the tenor of thought that finds place in its lecture halls.

I ask you parents to picture yourselves sitting next to your son or daughter in the lecture hall. What would your reaction be to a statement such as this? "The God of childhood can hardly be the God of the scientifically minded."—Prof. Shailer Mathews, University of Chicago Divinity School. Would you care to have your child study under him when he goes on to teach that God is a "cosmic response," that our ideas of God are based on an urge for "personal ad-

spread through a student's mind. If he is to be an educated man, he must revamp his idea of God. He must change all the notions he had of God who made him, loves him, and wants him to fight for heaven. All this must be abandoned with his growing "knowledge," in much the same fashion as he gave up his belief in Santa Claus, long ago.

Every college girl who is at all serious minded is thirsty for knowledge. What a jolt to her faith it must be to listen to a man from whose lips erudition fairly drips, say as he disseminates the fruit of his scholarship. "It is doubtful if many really believe in the grim potter-God of St. Paul. . . . We must get rid of the great moral governor and head director. He is a fiction of our own brains. We must



Student group at Fordham. In our Catholic colleges both faith and learning are encouraged and developed

Catholic parents is that they do not realize the conditions prevalent. That these parents who are intent on sending their children to non-Catholic colleges this fall may see for themselves some of the rot that is handed out in the name of learning, I have gathered (without much extensive search for specimens!) passages representative of the views of many professors in these institutions. These give a concrete illustration of the thought that has currency in classroom and on campus. Some of these passages have been taken from text books or books for collateral reading, others, from periodicals in which these professors have aired their views, or from press reports. It will be noted that in some few instances the professors mentioned are now emeritus or deceased. But the point

justment with the universe?" Who could love or serve a cosmic response? And youth is logical when it no longer has commerce with such a God. But youth goes further. It has society with no God.

Imagine the shock that a youth must get when for the first time there comes crashing into his unsuspecting mind the authoritative statement that the present trend of scholars "is a self-conscious determination to dethrone the God of our fathers, and to replace him by a God elected on a platform of approved social and political ideals. The disfavor into which the God of our fathers has fallen was perhaps inevitable anyway, for humanity was at the point of outgrowing the ethics of its deity."—Prof. M. C. Otto, Wisconsin University. One can almost see the question mark of doubt

recognize only nature." Dogmas, he explains, are nothing but opinions petrified against all revision. "Honesty demands that we hand on our beliefs tentatively . . . that we encourage our pupils, or listeners, to examine the matter for themselves."—Prof. Durrant Drake, Vassar College. And so poor gullible girls in their teens must take the mysteries of faith which God has revealed, and put them in a mental test tube for rational analysis as to truth content!

If there is still a voice crying inside that there is a God, even that is stifled. "The birth of the idea of God . . . is so subtle . . . that no look within can tell whether God is here revealing Himself to man, or man creating God." And so, "faith is unstable . . . faith is not only difficult for reason; it is distinctly diffident toward rea-

son."—Prof. William E. Hocking, Yale, afterwards of Harvard. So youth becomes sceptical of God, suspicious of faith.

All these "educators" are agreed that God is definitely not what faith and reason say He is. They are not agreed on just what He is, if He is. The conception of God that Prof. E. S. Ames, University of Chicago, holds forth to students is that He is the "Spirit of a people, and insofar as there is a world of humanity, God is the spirit of the world." In other words, God is nothing more than school spirit or patriotism on a world scale!

And so the professor is logical! "The conception of Christianity as centering chiefly in another life is rapidly losing its hold." And there goes heaven out of the hearts and hopes of somebody's children. There is no hereafter either of happiness or woe. The Church has less title to sanction moral life than sheer natural prophylaxis. "We are now, fortunately, almost done with the absurd tradition that formal religion is the essential means of moral education . . . it would be difficult to evaluate the harm done to humanity in the past by the conviction that the real destination of man is the world to come . . . the conviction that we must know whence we come and whither we are going, and that we must possess the assurance of a complete realization of our ideals on earth or elsewhere in order to lead a contented and worthy existence, is childish and mischievous."—Prof. James Leuba, Bryn Mawr.

Dr. John F. Shepard, University of Michigan, in answer to a student questionnaire, said there is "no scientific proof of a Deity." Not that it made any difference for "there doesn't need to be a Deity. Communion with 'God' is just a personal experience, a kinesthetic hallucination." And so some Catholic students cease to go to Holy Communion. Why confess, why fast, why go to Communion, if God is just a muscular phantasy? Mass is heard only because of the plea of a mother.

If Prof. Frank H. Hankins, Smith College, knew whereof he spoke, then we have his authority, as reported in the *Springfield Republican* some years ago, that "hardly a Professor in any Connecticut Valley College will publicly deny the existence of God, but when they talk with you in private where their views will not be proclaimed, then it is a different story." Massachusetts State, Amherst, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Springfield, Yale, are among the colleges in the Connecticut Valley.

Since there is academically no such reality as God, the fact that all nations in all times have worshipped God is naively explained. Back in the dim past our ancestors personified forces of nature. This gave rise to the religious "tradition," which is "the sum of beliefs about the continued existence of the soul after the death of the body, and about invisible personal powers, from ghosts to gods, which are supposed to govern natural phenomena and to control human destinies." It is on these "popular religious beliefs" that theology was built.—Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, Columbia.

But now these dogmas of theology are outmoded. Creeds are nothing but outworn beliefs blasted by progressive scientific knowledge. If religion is to survive it "must be broad and great enough to accept all that science and criticism have to say . . . the very life of religion depends . . . upon its being able to adapt itself to the ever-advancing thought of its time."—Prof. J. B. Pratt, Williams. So if chemists cannot compute the valence of the Trinity, nor physicists the specific gravity of a human soul, nor biologists the genetics of the Incarnation, then religion, if it is to live, must be broad enough to drop such creeds as it keeps pace with advancing thought. Re-

ligion must be big enough to suckle human error along with Divine Truth.

The thought of our time is so far advanced that it has reached the convenient stage where now there is no such thing as sin. Your boy and girl were baptized to be cleansed from original sin. They were brought up to believe that actual sin is the greatest malice a man can concoct. How unenlightened! Now they learn: "The idea of original sin thrown out by the Yahvehistic author of Genesis about 850 B.C. was neglected till St. Paul made it the cornerstone of his theology. . . . Despite its connection with a fabled 'Fall,' this notion of human nature persisted."—Prof. Edward A. Ross, University of Nebraska. "The Bible deserves no reverential awe, the Ten Commandments no obedience except insofar as they conform to modern science. . . . There is no such thing as sin scientifically speaking, and hence it disappears into the Limbo of ancient superstitions."—Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes, Smith College.

WHAT of Christ, the Son of God, Who endured the spittle of Jews and the nails of Romans, and the three hours of stark agony on a cross, all to redeem us from sin? In general it is admitted that Jesus was an ideal man. But then Confucius was an ideal



Our secular institutions of learning are often fertile fields of propaganda for radicals and Communists. Roger Baldwin, well-known radical, leading a demonstration at Columbia

man. "It is part of my own method to put Confucius behind Aristotle and Buddha behind Christ. The best, however, that even these great teachers can do for us is to help us to discover what is already present in ourselves."

—Prof. Irving Babbitt, at Leland Stanford. Christ was simply not Divine, and so "the traditional doctrine of Jesus as an infallible authority in religion and ethics cannot stand before sober criticism."—Prof. William F. Cooley, Columbia.

Catholic parents have taught their children to thank God daily that they are Catholics. Catholic children have always heard the Church spoken of as Holy Mother Church. But in college they learn: "The autocratic organization and policies of the Roman Catholic Church, together with its ancient rites and dogmas, which are strongly tinged with medievalism, are obviously inconsistent with a modern culture dominated by scientific methods and democratic ideals."—Prof. John M. Mecklin, Dartmouth.

It is incongruous that such an organization not only should still exist, but that it should ever have been accepted by men. But modern collegiate intellectuals have the explanation neatly formulated. You see, Jesus was merely a sort of sociologist. He enthused His group of followers with humanitarian sentiments for their fellowmen. This appealed to men because of "the opportunity it offered for the expression of an active, aggressive, socialized conduct." But as time passed the Church lost sight of the purposes of social work which Jesus had indicated. Instead, it imperceptibly began to leave the pathway of Christ and to formulate the dogmas and structure of the institution that we see today. "This repudiation of the spirit and ways of Jesus has been concealed by a rationalizing process which has lifted theological dogma and ecclesiastical preferences to a false importance."—Prof. Ernest R. Groves, University of North Carolina. And that's how the idealism of youth is done to death.

IT is common knowledge that chapters of atheistic societies are founded at many colleges. Cornell is reported as having one; so too George Washington, Clark, Colgate; the Universities of Kansas, Tennessee, Texas, Denver, California, and many others. The student publications in our non-Catholic colleges every so often indulge in lampooning religion. Witness the affair of the College of the City of New York this spring when the *City College Monthly* drew upon itself the wrath of public opinion for its filthy slurs on nuns and its attack on the Immaculate Conception. Many such

instances could be enumerated of other student publications, all of which indicates that the unhealthy attitude of the classroom has its correlative on the campus.

Since so many Professors have become as "naughty school boys throwing spit balls at God Almighty" and have defined religion in terms of sacerdotal chicanery, it follows that even natural morality is relegated to the *mores* of the unenlightened past. When adolescents are experiencing all the newfound urges of approaching maturity, these modern educators are carrying a brief for self-expression in terms of sexual license.

"THE college or university should not concern itself with striving to perpetuate . . . a conviction like pre-marital chastity . . . Dartmouth, thank God, does not have a locked bookshelf in its library! . . . The regulation of human conduct is not an academic problem"—Prof. Arthur C. White, Dartmouth. Prof. Bertrand Russell of England, who has lectured so extensively to collegiate groups in this country and whose works have such a vogue in these colleges, writes: "Boys and girls should be taught that nothing can justify sexual intercourse unless there is mutual inclination. Certain forms of sex action which do not lead to children are at present punished by the criminal law; this is purely superstitious, since the matter is one which affects no one except the parties directly concerned." And in another volume: "I say quite deliberately that the Christian religion, as organized in its churches, has been and still is the principal enemy of moral progress in the world." And again: "I believe that when I die I shall rot and that nothing of my ego will remain."

There has been in recent months such an open discussion on chastity and collegiate immorality, that there is no need here to go further into professorial teaching. The teaching has already done its work. Since Margaret Culkin Banning's frank, if inadequate, little pamphlet, *The Case for Chastity*, made its appearance, only too much confirmatory data has been brought to the surface to clinch the indictment of moral laxity. Part of Mrs. Banning's conclusions were based on the survey made by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Miss Bromley compiled her data from 300 interviews with, and 1,100 questionnaires sent to college students, and 200 sent to graduate groups. Her conclusion was that "there are no longer any taboos about sex relations in the college group."

Late last summer a mere boy, Don

Henry, a student at Kansas University, was killed in Spain. He had been inveigled into fighting for the Spanish "Loyalists" by a Red group in that University made up of faculty members and students. It was not until spring that the Kansas Legislature was impressed with the need of investigating Red influence at the State University. It has been openly surmised in the press that the Professors involved came from Teachers College at Columbia University, where they received not only their ideology, but their placements as well.

Then last February the press reported that Dr. Fernando Tude de Souza was jailed by the Brazilian Government on the charge of being a Communist. Dr. de Souza was a well-known figure in the "progressive" education movement at Teachers College, Columbia. The grounds on which he was accused of being a Communist? Merely this: He had been affiliated with Professors John Dewey, Harold Rugg, Jesse Newlon, William Heard Kilpatrick, George Counts, Stephen Duggan, and others. Such affiliation was proof conclusive to the Brazilian Government. These are the very men, self-styled "Frontier Thinkers," who have radicalized the national educational system. Soon after this Harvard University appointed Granville Hicks, a self-confessed Communist, to the faculty position of Counselor. He will direct the study of American History. He is eminently qualified from his experience as editor of the *New Masses*, a Marxian publication.

LET it not be thought that we intend to overdraw premises and conclude that all Professors and all students in all secular institutions of learning are atheists, libertines and Communists. All we wish to infer is that many Professors scattered through nearly all these colleges are a menace to all Catholic youth sent to these colleges; that hundreds of the text books and reference readings which the student must study are a danger to the faith and morals of all these Catholic students; that in nearly all of these colleges the campus attitude is hostile to religion and morality, and hence a risk to every Catholic student on that campus.

This is a danger which Catholic parents who send their children to these colleges cannot ignore. It is the subtle danger of spiritual death, the ghastly danger of ruined lives and warped souls. Is it worth the price to send our sons and daughters into such danger? Catholic parents may well ask themselves: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?"

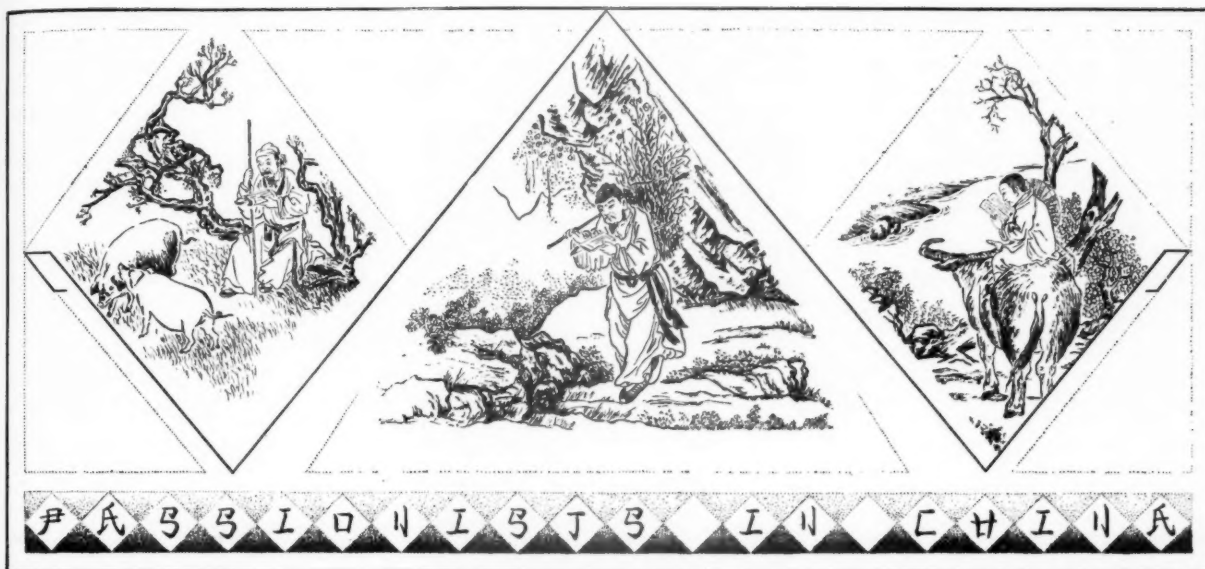
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By Joachim Beckes, C.P., Wuki, Hunan

More Wuki Gossip

By JOACHIM BECKES, C.P.

UP WUKI'S lone and only Main Street one literally bumps, if not too careful, into a rickety shack—combination inn and shop—where rice is two cents a bowl, vegetables included; night lodging for patrons who do not object to last year's straw and age-worn bedding. No brightly colored banners advertise bargain sales, no display of wares tempts the passerby, no sign whatever of what is expected of hostelry or cafe—everything here spells bankruptcy; but should a traveler ask a native where in town meals are cheap, or where to spend the night at least expense, the answer is, "Well, there is old man Li's place," and old man Li is in luck.

Felix Li is one of Wuki's characters. Visit him, see him at the Mission, he is ever the same—always, he aims to please. Let him appear with bandaged head, beaten by robbers within an inch of his life, his humor bubbles on; let his small water-mill be washed down the creek and still his heels and haws, with many a chuckle, will accompany the account of the disaster. Few there be who can resist his laugh. But we live in a strange world where things are not always what they seem. Despite his apparent good humor, Felix nursed a secret grief. He could laugh at

trouble, smile at danger, sniff at misfortune, but no matter how hard he tried, he could not ease the ache of his aging heart.

This particularly balmy evening Felix, laying aside his pipe, began to count his cash. Five years of scraping and saving had rewarded him with a total in two figures. Business had been fair. Considering the collapse of the wood deal and that protracted debt, he could congratulate himself on the tidy sum collected. "Umph," he grunted, shaking his head with satisfaction. "Maybe enough, maybe not. Tomorrow will tell."

Fifty-eight years of rice and work had left Felix a healthy, though none too plump, proprietor and a widower. As he figured it out, he was an honest man with a good name; wrinkled and wizened it is true, no beau ideal perhaps, but certainly no one could say he was fit material for a lazaretto or ripe for the old men's home. Lonesome, he felt the need of a partner in the house; someone to cook the rice, feed the pig, watch the store. The cash he counted was sufficient to get himself a wife. The business settled, he went to bed, and wasted no further thought of the morrow.

Next morning widower Li, a-tingle with excitement, slightly tinged with

apprehension, chopsticked his way through three bowls of rice, warmed over remains of last evening's meal.

What man would not feel elated at the prospect of placing well-earned savings in a worthy investment; yet who would not be anxious lest his adventure end in failure—worst of all, in matrimonial failure.

THE AIR was cool; tree and bush sparkled with heavy dew; fluffs of mist hovered in the valley and, like ghosts of the night dreading the approaching sun, retreated up sloping hills. Frisking down the road with more than accustomed briskness, Felix hops across the creek, swings into the Fu Gardens and throws open the portals of Fu Jovitus, the village master middle-man and match-maker.

One word in passing concerning this gentleman of parts. Meet this well-groomed personage some Sunday morning and inquire of him why he had not attended to his Sabbath duties and he will parry the question with an ingenious airy pretext and impressive gesture; important business, if you please, in some far-off town or some distemper leaving him all but dead on his feet—all with easy nonchalance as though he half believed it himself. Jovitus lives by his wits, and judging from all ap-

pearances, makes a lucrative, if not altogether honest, go of it.

Jovitus hailed his guest with a blustering morning greeting. He invited him to "sit in" at the table where sat his wife who merely nodded a welcome, a girl of six who showed disdain at the interruption and a baby that squawked on principle. Felix hee-ed a polite refusal and hawed himself over near the fire where he lighted his pipe. Having stoked his hungry self full measure, Jovitus seated himself opposite his caller and handed on the day's gossip amply spiced with what scandal he had to serve and thought his guest would swallow.

Uncomfortable, old man Li finally cleared his throat with determination and disclosed the purpose of the visit with his characteristic nervous laugh. "Hee, hee, I think I'll get myself a wife."

Jovitus gaped at his guest as though he saw him for the very first time. "What was that?" he barely gasped.

"Hee hee, I want a wife, a woman," blurted out the embarrassed Lothario, "a better half to help in the store. I hear that there is a Mrs. Hsiung in Kuan Chuang who might do. They say she talks little and makes no trouble. Will you please speak to her for me—ask her if she is willing to move over to Wuki?"

EVEN JOVITUS thought there were limits to this business, but he was not the one to discourage a client. He could recognize opportunity in any guise and pounced on this one with true Jovitian alacrity.

"Say old man, this lady is sixty if she's a day—her lily feet won't get her very far. As to working for you she might be a poor investment. How much do you intend to bid?"

"Forty dollars is the best I can do—but, do you think you can put this across for me?"

To question the ability of Jovitus was like a challenge—a fly to a trout. Having obtained a promise that the affair would be expedited on the moment, Felix bade his host "seat himself" and returned to his emporium.

Nothing slow about Jovitus when it's a matter of making an honest penny, so off to Kuan Chuang he trotted to make the necessary contacts and inquiries. Using a technique all his own he first approached the widow Hsiung and with total disregard for the niceties of the situation bluntly popped the question and got the right answer. The clan however required more finesse in handling; to them he



Old men too have their dreams. Felix settled down to a domestic life after years of saving and hard work

boasted the fine qualities of the local product in the superlative and after much discussion drew from them a reluctant though favorable reply. Forty dollars, a miserable but ample sum, did the trick.

"Fifty dollars or no marriage!" Jovitus blandly announced later in the day, upping the price to make sure of a substantial fee. "Can do," replied Felix, nothing daunted, the while making a swift mental calculation—that tea crop can be mortgaged—provided the amount fixed covers all expenses, bridal gifts included—and promptly handed over his forty dollars and an I.O.U. The marriage is forthwith settled for the very next day.

Second marriages have their advantages—there is no meat, no wine for relative, friend or beggar—no feast, no fuss. According to native fashion the marriage goes into effect the moment the bride steps over the threshold of the groom—no rites of any kind. Long before dawn Felix called in carriers and prepared the sedan chair. In a very short time it was on its way to fetch the mellowed bride. Nervously he swept the house, put on his clean and well-patched gown and idled around the premises.

Wuki boasts no telephone but whether it's the sickness of Lucy Fu's baby, the untimely demise of Grandmother Wang's water-buffalo or the sudden arrival of a guest at the Mission, the village is at once aware of it. Such a rare morsel of

news as the wedding of our friend Felix Li fairly singed the lines of the local grape vine service.

Before the sun had gone down the whole countryside was abuzz with the story. The ancients said little, just hooked their venerable heads and stroked diaphanous beards; the womenfolk raised scornful eyebrows and voiced disapproval of "people that age who should know better;" the young lads revelled in the welcome sensation, visited the groom-to-be in relays and regaled him with their wise-cracks. But Felix took it all in his wonted good humor, he bowed and smiled and laughed. This was his day, and nothing could dislodge him from his fleecy pink cloud—that's what he thought!

ONE OF the village elders chanced to ask, "When is the ceremony at the Mission?" The Mission? Ceremony at the Mission? . . . That question scored a direct hit and Felix straightway took a swift nose-dive back to terra firma. While indeed Mrs. Hsiung was a pagan, he was, if nothing else, a good Christian. The lady of his choice was already on her way to Wuki and he had not informed the missionary that he was even engaged . . . that would never do . . . so down he tears to the Church. Much to the astonishment of the good Father, Felix falls to his knees and nervously, but deftly, explodes his bomb "Hee, hee, Shen Fu, please forgive me . . . I'm getting married today."

. . . Yes, gentle reader, the Pastor did recover.

Wuki evenings, with exceptions of course, are delightful. The slowly changing hues of the surrounding mountains, as they merge from bright green to purple, is a view comparable only to the majesty of the setting sun; the far peaks reflect the marvels of the west. The wooded valley fairly breathes peace and contentment. The humble cots are crowned by a smoky azure veil, glad harbinger of even's steaming rice and well-filled bowls. Amid the clutter of crockery and clicks of chopsticks one topic made gay village gossip—the romance of old man Li.

Let them laugh—what if the marriage was delayed a day; what if the widow Hsiung had to stay in the Convent till the morrow; what if he and his pagan wife had signed the usual marriage promises before the Missionary; none of these things mattered now, for Felix at long last was content. We cannot but wish the old fellow all happiness.

Hopes Realized

By THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

IT WAS a memorable day that marked the signing of the deed which gave our Mission the right to a piece of property adjoining the convent. More than ten years of seemingly futile efforts were crowned with success when Father William Westhoven, C.P., acquired this lot.

The purchase came about in this way: Three brothers who owned this property needed money. One in particular had to have it at once as it was necessary for him, in order to prevent an enemy's injuring his rice fields, to take immediate action and buy the surrounding land. A go-between was sent to the Mission to negotiate for the sale of the property. Within a few days the necessary agreements were made and a banquet served, which according to Chinese custom must accompany an event of this kind.

After the feast Mr. Teng dispatched an agent to arrange about the rice fields. Their owner, however, had heard about the money which he had just received and raised the price so that it was beyond reach. The natives who knew how this man had interfered with the work of the Mission by refusing to sell his narrow strip of ground at an earlier date were quick to see the funny side of the situation now that he was in the same predicament in which he had kept the Missionaries all these years.

That evening at recreation the subject of conversation was the newly made purchase. From the eldest blind woman to the little girls who but recently reached the use of reason, everyone knew how many hundred dollars had been paid. The sum was enormous to these people who count their savings by coppers instead of dollars. Remarks such as these were made, "The Spiritual Father loves us or he would not spend so much money for this place." "Christians in other countries have great charity. If they did not send money Shen Fu could not buy the ground."

When the deed was taken to the court-house, the Magistrate asked, "Do the foreigners not know that they cannot buy property in China?" The catechist explained that the Church is not a foreign institution and that in years to come there will

be native priests here. Furthermore he pointed out that the deed read, "perpetually lease" and not "buy." After several days the legal seal was affixed to the document.

The people occupying the houses on this lot were given a month's notice to vacate. One of them, for superstitious reasons, refused to leave before a certain date. The others decided to wait for this family and all move together. But the Tengs needed the rest of their money which they were to receive when the tenants left. So when the month was up they sent for the police. The following day all but one house were vacant.

Work began immediately. The best of the buildings were renovated, the others torn down and simple frame structures erected. In order to save

space and building material these houses were so constructed that the wall surrounding the compound serves as a side of each room.

With keenest interest we watched the progress of the laborers. It seemed like an endless task as one by one the tiles were removed and the old hovels were reduced to firewood. At the same time other workmen were bringing in trees to be cut into boards and beams by means of handsaws.

The house recently occupied by the old women has for some time been unsafe and has caused no little anxiety to the Missionaries. It, too, was torn down and these aged people were transferred to a one-story building. It was a pleasant surprise to them for they were resigned and happy to have a roof



For years the Sisters of St. Joseph at Chihkiang, Hunan, have wished to expand their buildings. This picture was taken some time ago, before the purchase described in their present article. They have waited years for this piece of property

over their heads. The poor old blind women are most grateful that they no longer have to climb stairs.

THEY are enjoying their home and our catechumens also are becoming accustomed to living in the Mission. Our hoped-for catechumenate has become a reality. It is a long, narrow brick structure. The first floor consists of a doctrine hall and dining room; the second floor, a dormitory and a small room for the catechist. A wall separates this building from the rest of the compound as the catechumens are to have no communication with the orphans.

While other building was taking place our convent came in for its share of repairs. The roof had to be replaced because in spite of frequent mending, it had been leaking and the ceilings were destroyed. The first section of the old one was removed. Then the two contractors had a quarrel which resulted in the tiles not being laid before evening. A heavy storm came up during the night and rain fell in torrents. We

were afraid the entire house would be destroyed but are happy to say that no serious damage was done except on the top floor.

While rain played havoc with the roof, termites were busily destroying the floors and door frames of the first story. Since we have the new property, the wall which was very near the house has been taken away and sunlight and air are able to reach it. We are hopeful that there will not be a repetition of this destruction at least on the east side of the building. When it is possible to obtain the plot to the west of the convent this evil will be entirely remedied.

Besides the catechumenate, old women's home, and advantages to the convent, this property affords a room to be used for an embroidery school. It is not yet equipped but we are looking forward to it as another means of acquainting pagan women with the Catholic Church.

A dining room and kitchen for the girls, store rooms, and a guest room complete the buildings. The children are proud of the fact that they are

being taught what every other Chinese girl learns as soon as she is big enough to stand on a bench and reach the stove, namely, to prepare their own meals. Due to lack of space their food has been cooked in the boys' compound and they have been deprived of this training.

THE GIRLS have a playground. Now they can swing, fly kites, play ball and many other games that formerly they knew only by name. The fact that there are fewer childish quarrels is sufficient proof that the playground is a blessing. There is also space for little gardens in which to raise flowers for the altar.

Another great advantage is a neat and attractive entrance. We hope the pagan women will like it as well as we do and that they will make use of it to come to our catechumenate. So far the enrollment is small but we are confident that the fervent prayers of the readers of *THE SIGN* will obtain a great increase in this number. Then will our hopes be fully realized. May this day when we shall reach more souls be hastened!

All on a Sunday Morn

By JAMES LAMBERT, C.P.

IT IS very early Sunday morning. The sun has not yet risen. Only the pale light of the stars lights our way through the dark, deserted streets of the sleeping town. Those streets are not entirely deserted, however. Here comes a pack of dogs. There, some poor beggar lies slumbering, at the side of a house.

We are now out on the river shore. Below, in the darkness, the sampans are huddled together, for all the world like so many ducks. Among those sampans should be the boat which is to take us to Pushih for Sunday Mass. To go searching among them at this early hour would, I imagine, be worth my life. However, Jake, the young man who accompanies me, calls out lustily: "Hi! Mr. Song!"

Song is the boatman's name. There is no answer.

"Hi! Mr. Song!", in still louder tones. I look for a likely place to dodge any missiles that might come flying in our direction from the boatmen who were sleeping on those sampans. Marvelous to relate, no missiles come. This evidently is not America. Jake is beginning to say things to himself—and I do not think they are his prayers.

"Hey! Mr. Song!" he shouts at the top of his voice.

"Hello!" comes a faint sound from out on the waves. Soon, in the gray light of the dawn, Mr. Song's boat can be seen slowly making its way toward the shore. It had been a warm night. Mr. Song had decided that, by anchoring out in the middle of the river, he could catch any little breeze that might come his way from any of the four quarters of the globe.

At last he is within hailing distance. "Good morning, Father!" he calls. "You are very early!"

As a matter of fact, we were. But Mr. Song's greeting would have been the same, had we come at midday. It is quite an ordinary form of greeting and has quite a psychological effect. Pat a man on his back, you know, and he may forget he was getting ready to blacken your eye. Jake swallows his wrath with the compliment. And then, we are on board.

Soon we are drifting down the stream in the direction of Pushih—on each side the shadowy shores; above, the gleaming stars, now vanishing one by one. Only the creaking of the oars, and the drip, drip, of the water

from their blades breaks the silence of that early hour. The town of Pushih is seven miles down river—a journey of two hours. Under the enchantment of the silence and the stars, I am soon lost in reverie. A snore from the rear of the boat tells me that Jake is lost in something more practical. He has discovered Mr. Song's bedding in one corner and is now completing his repose.

THE GRAY of dawn is turning to lavender. A little later it is red. And then, the golden ball of day comes rolling up, over the top of an eastern hill. We pass *Kill-man-place*, a small village where, in the years gone by, a great army was almost annihilated. Farther down, we pass *Song-Jia Loo*, so called after the ancestors of our boatman. There is his home.

In a little while, the noise of the rapids above the town of Pushih is heard. In the distance can be seen the town itself, with its white buildings nestled at the foot of a mighty mountain. Sampans, that had anchored at Pushih for the night are now beginning to pass us on their journey upriver, their great white



To a land lubber there does not seem room enough for a playing card between two of these boats. But a wedge is made and our gallant little bark noses its way, by skillful maneuvering, between them

sails gleaming in the morning sun.

We are nearing the Pushih shore. Jake reminds the boatman that we shall be back after Mass to have our breakfast on the boat as we are sailing upriver. He gives Mr. Song twenty cents to buy a little meat and some vegetables. These and some rice will be cooked on board, and will be waiting for us when we return to the boat.

AND do not forget to boil water!" Jake tells the boatman. Some kind friend in America had sent us little tin foil containers of coffee, each container holding enough for one cup. Put the contents in the cup, pour in some hot water and your coffee is ready. Very fine, too, as Jake had learned!

The sampan has reached the long line of boats anchored before Pushih. To a land-lubber, there does not seem room enough for a playing card between two of those boats. Mr. Song, however, sails on, straight for the line. He rams into one of the sampans. Once more I look for a barrage, but this is not America. Mr. Song takes a long bamboo pole, and pushes against the sampans. A wedge is made, and our gallant little bark begins to nose its way toward land. Crash! The hood over our boat hits the hood over the adjoining boat. The owner looks out to see what happened. Just another sampan coming into port. Mr. Song now sits down on the edge of our boat and with both feet pushes with great force against the boats on each side. Where I imagined a playing card could not be placed, he has succeeded in placing our sampan.

"Fine work," I think, as we step ashore. But Jake is thinking of that coffee. "Do not forget to boil that water!" he calls to the boatman.

"Walk slowly!" calls Mr. Song.

"Please be seated!" we call back. And we are off through the busy waterfront of the town of Pushih.

A few years ago I walked this same street. It was a row of smouldering ruins. The bandits had visited the town just before our arrival, and set fire to the buildings. Now, fine shops were seen on each side. The counters faced directly on the street. As there is no front to the shops, the people may stand on the street and buy. We step to one side to let a water carrier go by. He carries two heavy buckets brimming with water from the river—a bucket on each end of a bamboo pole slung over one shoulder. In dodging the carrier we almost step on a pig looking for its morning meal out there in the street. Another side step and we save the porker's neck, and our own.

The shopkeepers are removing the line of boards placed before their shops at night. The streets are beginning to fill—barefooted laborers in jackets and short trousers, gentlemen in soft hats and long flowing gowns, soldiers in gray uniforms, others in blue. Women are making their way to the river's edge, with the family wash in baskets on their backs. Children are running helter-skelter through the crowds.

We amble along down the street when, "Hi, there!" Jake calls. I see him making his way between two shops. That small opening marks the entrance to the street on which the Mission stands. As we near the Mission, the little tots call out, "Sen Fu!" "Sen Fu!"

There, before the Mission, stands old Julian, the gate-man. As we reach the front gate, Julian bows and says, "Peace, Father!" The catechist, the gentleman who takes care of the Mission, now appears. Like Mr. Song's, his greeting is, "Sen Fu! You are very early!" In reality, it is eight o'clock.

The Christians are gathering at the Mission. Some of them have come in this morning from homes far out in the country. They have walked the long distance fasting, as many wish to

receive Holy Communion during the Mass. Old Julian rings the tower bell, and the people file into church. I give a talk after the Gospel, though it is still a mystery how much of that talk is really understood. One morning Jake told me the sermon was fine. While he was still speaking, an old lady informed me she understood nothing.

Mass over, the Christians wait in the churchyard to greet the priest. Little two-year-old Johnny picks a flower from the garden for the Sen Fu. It is a green thing, not yet in blossom. But the little fellow imagines he is doing wonders. And after all, it is not the gift that matters. Old Julian is there, all smiles. He tells me he is eighty years old. And then stands straight as a soldier, while I congratulate him on his good health and longevity. Next time we meet, Julian will tell me his age. And I shall again congratulate him. We have been doing this same thing now, for almost three years. A few words with the other Christians, and we are once more making our way through the town to the river.

IT is noon. Those sampans, however, look so alike it is difficult to say which one is ours. Until, "Hi! Sen Fu! You are very early!" And there is Mr. Song, squatted on the front of a nearby sampan.

"Did you boil that water?" calls Jake.

We are now aboard. Mr. Song, from the rear of the boat, calls to a man at the front to put off. This man, with a long pole, pushes the boat out from the shore. A third man has been added to the crew. For a sum equivalent to fifteen cents (American money) he has agreed to walk along the shore, and pull the boat by means of a bamboo rope attached to the mast. The task requires some four hours, and the man may walk over seven miles of rough trails.

It is a wonderful day. As I eat my rice, and Jake has his coffee, we enjoy the scenery and the many interesting sights along the way. A large boat has come to grief in the rapids. The men are standing on a rock or sandbar, in water up to their shoulders, trying to force the boat into a deeper part of the stream. At the river's edge, a row of women are doing the family washing, while they exchange bits of news. They spread the clothes on a rock, then beat them with a small board. "Clop! Bang! Clop! Bang!" The sound carries far up the river. Fortunately there are no buttons on those clothes.

Farther on is a village noted for the making of paper. The people are now spreading large sheets of paper out on the level shore to dry in the sun. We pass fishermen dragging their large nets into the shore. From where he stands, in the rear of the boat, Mr. Song spies a particularly fine Mandarin fish struggling in the net. It would go well with his evening

rice. He tries to strike a quick bargain.

A BREEZE comes up. The sail is hoisted, the puller is called in from the shore. He grins as he squats down on the deck. The breeze will now do the work, but he will be paid for it. With the help of the breeze we are sailing over the water at a great pace. Soon the shipyards near Chenki come into view. The hulls of some thirty boats are propped up there on the shore. Carpenters are sawing great logs into boards. Iron smiths are busy over their fires. Other men are caulking the boat seams, making them watertight.

The lower end of the town is now seen. Anchored there are the great boats that will carry coal to cities and towns down river. Other boats, laden with salt for towns upriver, are also anchored there. They dare not move above Chenki until a great convoy is gotten together. There are many bandits along the way.

"We have arrived!" cries Jake as he climbs out on deck. We have indeed arrived. But the entire shore seems lined with sampans. Not an empty space for our boat. Mr. Song, however, has sailed this river for many years. This is nothing new to him. "Crash!" He hits a sampan. The owner looks out.

"Hi! there, Mr. Song!" he calls as he recognizes an old friend.

"Hi! there! Swen!" answers Mr. Song. The Chenki boatmen all know each other. Now Mr. Swen is helping Mr. Song to push boats aside. They lean against the next sampan. They push with their feet, with their hands, with bamboo poles.

And, as we step ashore—"See you next Sunday, Sen Fu!" says Mr. Song! "Walk slowly!"

"Please be seated!" I reply. And Jake! He is all smiles, as he looks forward to another cup of American coffee! I am amused too, for he used to dislike this foreign drink.

Toothache and Bombs

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

MOST missionaries get an occasional toothache. To get one in Hunan means four days' travel (fare alone costs \$35.60) to a Hankow dentist. During these days of war a missionary thinks twice before daring a descent on Hankow, which city, in comparison with Hunan, is several hundred miles nearer the front line of conflict. And besides, Hankow is a marked city for Japanese air raids, and these occur with varying frequency. So when three of my molars began to "jump" it was a question of "can I get into and out of Hankow before the Japanese take the city?" In early February, with my Superior's permission and much trust in God's Providence, I decided to risk the danger of bombs for the ease of acheless teeth.

Everything along the road went smoothly enough (except a thorough dust-choking on the inter-provincial busses) until at 11 P.M., three hours down the tracks from Changsha, when the train conductor stepped into the coach and yelled, "*Gin Bow!*" That was a new one on me, so I leaned over and asked a fellow Chinese passenger—a Cornell graduate, by the way—what those two Chinese words meant.

He came back with, "Say, where are you from, anyway?"

How he laughed at my reply, "Man, how can you expect me to know all the modern phrases, hailing as I do from the country districts of Hunan?"

Mister Cornell obligingly explained that the words meant "air raid alarm" . . . Just then the lights went out and the train ground to a stop. A full moon was shining, but under the circumstances one just didn't think in terms of sonatas. There I was miles from nowhere with the thought racing through my mind—"just how did the train get the air raid warning." Anyway, it wasn't the hour to question the manner how. The conductor went on telling the passengers to leave the train as enemy planes might spot it for a heavy strafing. Try as I would I just couldn't appear nonchalant—not to mention the absence of a cigarette to reach for.

Passengers began piling out of their compartments fully clad, semi-clad and pajama clad . . . some stampeding and vociferous, others crouching and talking in whispers, furtively peering out the train windows. Not knowing the technique of these air raids, it was distinctly relieving to have Mr. Cornell remark, "the planes won't be here for another twenty minutes."

FOOTBALL PLAYERS are not the only ones who go into huddles. In collaboration with my university friend it was decided that we hide in a bamboo grove some forty rods across the rice fields. 'Twas jump a ditch and tight-rope walk slippery paths between the rice paddies under a February moon. We made it, though I noticed others, especially Chinese ladies with small feet, didn't fare so decorously. Sitting there under the restful and cool bamboo trees I felt it a time for poetic utterance, but never having a yen for higher flights of thought-expression I contented myself with lighting a Chinese stogie (ten for three cents), sat down and waited, with mixed sentiment of fear and wonderment in my heart, for the zoom of enemy planes out of the North.

Trying to imagine what an air raid was like struck me, at the time, as mentally confusing and disturbing, so I fell back on an old axiom of the Orient . . . the expected never happens. Would it hold this time? It did, for after thirty-five minutes the train gave a whistle of "welcome aboard." Nerves relaxed, yes; and I treated my first air-raid alarm companion to a bottle of beer. Over our glasses I mentioned the purpose of my visit to Hankow. Mr. Cornell

was surprised that we had no dentists in western Hunan. How frequently it comes to our attention that down-river Chinese, even those of the wealthier and educated classes, understand and appreciate so little the conditions that exist in the interior of China's inland Provinces.

Hankow, with no enemy planes roaring overhead, was indeed a welcome sight after an anxious night on the train. Fathers Arthur Benson and Cyprian Frank, C.P., at the Passionist Procuration, gave me a hearty, missionary welcome. It behooved this missionary of fourteen years in China to declare he had come to Hankow in the hope that, if the Japanese wanted to bomb it, they should do so while he was in town.

That remark started a conversation that ended days afterwards. Three days of peace in the air, but at the end of tiffin on the 4th day the *Gin Bow* sounded. This time it was a dozen or more sirens that screeched their loudest. Mobs of street pedestrians raced from the neighboring Chinese streets into the French Concession, knowing that greater protection awaited them therein. Motor cars klaxoned their way through the narrow streets, ricksha pullers stretched their legs to a dashing speed, the young and the old, mothers with babies tied on their backs, stevedores and beggars, foreigners and natives—all hastened for shelter. Shop-keepers slapped up their window boards as protection.

The most torturing feature of an air raid is the twenty to thirty minute wait for the enemy planes to put in an appearance for their ghastly death-dealing work. This alarm like the one on the train was a dud. A visit to the dentist an hour later appeared, in the beginning, innocent enough; but during a deep dental drilling, that made me think I had airplanes roaring in my head, that breath-taking air-raid-alarm



Ancient sampans amidst modern warfare in central China

siren sounded again its warning.

Right off the dentist announced, "Through for the day—can't work during an air raid." I found myself amidst a crowd of "safety zone" seekers. In all that jam of distracted, excited mass of humanity I vividly recall the frightened-unto-death look on the face of a ten-year-old girl dragging her little brother into a dugout. As the enemy bombers failed to come this third time I began confidently to tell myself that air raids are not so bad after all.

Next day shortly after noon another *Gin Bow*, and somehow it was sensed that this time there would be fireworks. Come they did . . . twenty-eight Japanese planes . . . heavy bombers flying in perfect formation, scout and pursuit planes each in their proper fighting position. First there is the roar of approach, followed by deafening thunder overhead punctuated by

dull, heavy thuds—exploding bombs—that rock the house and rattle the windows. Since this was my first opportunity to witness an aerial battle I took up an observation post on the roof . . . dangerous, 'tis true.

With the approach of the planes, Chinese anti-air craft guns went into action, and the sky filled with puffs of white and black smoke, marking the explosion of shells. From below it seemed that many of these shells burst dangerously close to the enemy machines, but they roared ahead, apparently climbing so as to get beyond the reach of the air craft gunners. A few pursuit and scout planes circled over the airport, while two planes headed across the Yangtze River. It was remarked that these two planes quickly swung about and joined the others of their squadron. We saw one plane dive earthwards.

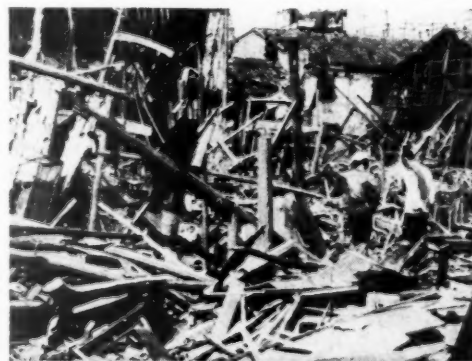
All of a sudden a Chinese gun, almost directly in back of us, let lose a volley that took my breath away, and when I came to I was inside the house. We sat down and laughed as kids would do who tumbled down stairs none the worse for the tumble. Strange as it may seem the thought that crossed my mind was "now I can return to Hunan with 'face'—I've witnessed an aerial battle."

And so it was, with the proof in my pocket . . . a piece of shrapnel picked up five feet from the back door of the Procuration. Thankful I am to be back in Hunan where no menace from air, land or sea threatens us. And my teeth are good for another three years, bombs to the contrary notwithstanding.

For those who remained behind, our prayers that peace may soon come. Innocent non-combatants are of course suffering from the war too. I have not the heart to describe how fearful is the destruction where bombings have been effective. May the slaughter end speedily!



Coffins and Wrecked Homes After an Air Raid on Hankow, Hupeh



END of the OPEN ROAD

By AULEEN B. EBERHARDT

Illustrated by William Smith

STUMPY finished washing at the stand outside the shack on wheels that served as sleeping quarters for a portion of the road gang, and dried his bronzed face and hands on the rough towel. He carried the water down the slope and emptied it; then, returning to the shack, carefully dried the basin with a cloth, before hanging it up in its accustomed place.

Drawing a pipe from his pocket, he filled it with tobacco and lighted it. He sighed with sheer satisfaction as he strolled off to the road, where he could sit with his back against the grassy slope and watch the crimson sun sink slowly into the purple hills that bordered the valley fields.

"It's good to rest after the day's work," he thought, eyeing the highway which the road crew was constructing.

It was queer, he mused, how greatly he enjoyed the gruelling labor that was the lot of the road men. He had been stiff and sore for the first few days on the job, because never before in his half century of life had he swung a pick or handled a shovel as a steady occupation. True, he had worked at odd jobs when necessity demanded that he replenish his clothing or purchase shoes and food supplies. However, for the greater part of his life, he had followed the lure of the open road and had enjoyed its freedom to the utmost.

"Touring" the North in the summer and the South in the winter, box car accommodations being always available, he had partaken of the joys of hobo life, with all of its freedom from responsibility and restraint.

But his carefree life had changed in a single day because of a broken promise.

Stumpy's expressive, dark eyes grew misty as he thought of the promise he had made to the Bishop of Tobique—and which he had so

soon and so carelessly tossed aside.

A lump arose in his throat and threatened to choke him as he recalled his long, strange friendship with the prelate—through the years which had witnessed the clergyman's rise from a pastor of a small western settlement to the post of Bishop of the important See of Tobique.

Stumpy suddenly bowed his head, and the tears which always hovered perilously near the surface when he thought of his old friend's kindness, trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks. He would never again hear that well-loved, friendly voice, nor thrill to the warmth of the cheery smile that used to light up the stern, aesthetic features of the Bishop as he listened to the tramp's recounting of tales of the open road.

The tramp had suffered a hundred times the agony of soul that had come to him on an August day, two months previously, when he had learned of the sudden death of the Bishop of Tobique.

Stumpy had returned to Tobique, consumed with a desire to see the Bishop again—but too ashamed to venture to approach him. Foolishly he had squandered the money given him by the Bishop in June, for the purpose of going west and taking a job with some friends of the prelate who needed a handy man about their estate.

HE FELT he had to see his friend again. He had been on his way uptown where, from the shelter of the Memorial building, he could obtain a clear view of the veranda of the episcopal residence, where the Bishop used to sit on fine mornings. His progress had suddenly been arrested by the ominous ringing of a bell. Following the crowds hastening in the direction of the sound, he had come upon the Bishop's funeral cortège passing from the Cathedral.

His whole life had fallen to bits about him that August morning.

Broken in spirit, he had slunk away to the cemetery which marked the Bishop's final resting place. There he had come to his decision to toil until he had saved the money he had squandered.

When this purpose was accomplished, his plan was to go out west, and belatedly, keep his promise to the Bishop.

AUGUST and September had been profitable months for Stumpy. He had secured a job with a road crew. The tramp's short, stocky body was built to withstand the arduous labor of road construction. His muscular arms and broad shoulders were well fitted to the digging and pulling the work entailed. His regular pay had been augmented, at intervals, by overtime compensation. He had been able to accumulate not only the two hundred dollars he had squandered, but a goodly sum over that amount would be his when he received his next wage.

"Stay with me a while longer" the construction boss had urged a few days previously.

"All right," agreed Stumpy, willingly enough. It was odd how he liked the hard grind of road work. He was more physically fit than ever before in his life. His appetite was enormous. He slept on the hard cot in the bunk house as if he were resting on the downiest of mattresses.

However, the real attraction of the work for him was that it was near Tobique. The highway on which the construction crew was working was on the outskirts of the See City. From the brow of the hill where the camp site was located, Stumpy could look to the north and see the spires of the ancient Cathedral, where the Bishop used to preach. And over the hill, a short distance to the south, was the cemetery where they had placed his friend.

The early October sun gleamed brightly for a few minutes, then sank rapidly behind the western hills, leaving a broad purple streak across the darkening sky.

Stumpy raised his head. In another hour the moon would be coming up.

"Time I'm getting on to the parish house," he said to himself as he got up and walked back to the camp. Entering the bunk house, he went to his locker and took out a well-pressed suit. Presently he emerged. He nodded cheerily to the men grouped about the building, and greeted the stalwart foreman who was conversing with some of his helpers.

Then he set off for the Catholic rectory which was across from the cemetery, to visit with the priest in charge of the little parish.

Bishop of Tobique, and who delighted in recalling with Stumpy anecdotes about the prelate whom they had both loved.

Then, too, Stumpy found comfort in just being near the "man of God." During his long years on the road, he had never relinquished the Faith of his childhood. He had been accustomed to sneak into the back of churches in the poorer sections of cities on his "visiting list." At intervals, he had approached the Sacraments.

However, since acquiring a job,

October—still warm enough to sit outside and enjoy the moonlight."

Then he introduced Stumpy to his other guest. At the sound of the young man's voice, Stumpy barely concealed a start. To his sensitive ears, it seemed as if he were again listening to the Bishop of Tobique.

As the evening wore on, he realized that the similarity was not so great as he had first believed. However, Larry Cannon's voice possessed the same heart-warming tones, and held the attention of the listener with its rich culture, and underlying tender-



"There goes a tragedy," remarked the priest, after young Cannon had passed from their hearing and sight

The construction boss looked after Stumpy approvingly. The neatly dressed, plain-featured, but pleasant looking man was a far cry from the disheveled tramp he had hired in August. Stumpy was now one of his most valuable workers. He was industrious and conscientious. In his mind, the construction manager was laying plans to take Stumpy south with him on his next assignment.

Stumpy swung along the end of the highway just completed, but still closed to traffic. He was happy, now that he was going to visit Father Grant, who had been ordained by the

Stumpy had enjoyed the situation of occupying a pew in the church and contributing to its upkeep!

Presently he came to the main road that led past the cemetery. The parish house was across the highway.

Father Grant and a young man occupied chairs on the porch when Stumpy approached.

"Good evening, Father," he called as he entered the yard.

"It certainly is a good evening, Stumpy," rejoined the priest, heartily, as he rose to greet his visitor. "Imagine weather like this in early

ness. The boy's voice, coming so unexpectedly out of the night, startled him, and poignant memories of his old friend rushed back to him.

"He looks like the Bishop must have looked years ago," thought Stumpy, watching the young man intently. Larry Cannon was tall, and his slim, strong young body gave the suggestion of hidden strength and endurance. His steel-gray eyes lit up a face that betrayed a beauty of spirit unusual in so young a man. Stumpy, whose years on the road had made him an instinctive judge of men, sensed a pronounced depth

of character in the poorly clad, unassuming lad.

Cannon visited for a little while with Father Grant and Stumpy, and then took his departure, swinging across the road and past the cemetery toward Tobique, nearly six miles distant.

"There goes a tragedy," remarked the priest, after young Cannon had passed from their hearing and sight.

"What do you mean, Father?" inquired Stumpy, leaning forward, his eyes alight with interest.

"**A** RUINED vocation," returned the priest, somewhat shortly. Stumpy, sensitive to the moods of people, caught the sensation of sadness that seemed to sweep over the clergyman.

After a little while Father Grant spoke again.

"He should be a priest—he wants to be a priest, and from every indication, he will never even get a chance to go to the seminary!"

Father Grant spoke heavily, but without rancor.

"Why can't he be a priest?" asked Stumpy. It seemed tremendously important that he know the answer.

"His family obligations are too great," returned Father Grant.

"A young man—and family obligations," said Stumpy, thoughtfully. "Father, I'm just a tramp and a stranger, but could you trust me enough to tell me about the boy?"

The priest turned and looked at Stumpy for a long moment. Then he smiled. "Stumpy—you're not just a tramp. You are a fine man. You cannot help Larry Cannon, but you can help me by listening. It will do me good to tell someone of his trouble. I'll be passing on a little of my burden to your broad shoulders by confiding in you."

"My shoulders can stand a good-sized load," retorted Stumpy, laughing happily. "Come on now, Father, tell me about this chap."

"Larry wanted to be a priest from the time he entered high school," began Father Grant. "Everything pointed to his realizing his ambition. His father, a wood worker in the mill, made enough to support his wife and five children. He couldn't put by much, of course, but there was some money saved. Mrs. Cannon was a fine manager. She was thrilled with the thought of having her son become a priest and was willing to make any sacrifice necessary. Then the depression hit Tobique."

Stumpy nodded. He had been through the depression and had seen its havoc, especially among the working classes.

The priest's kindly face grew sad as he continued. "Like hundreds of mill workers, Cannon was laid off. Soon his savings dwindled. He couldn't get back his old job for there were no orders and the mill was running only on part time. He did all kinds of work, in bad weather. He had always worked indoors. It was inevitable that his health should give way."

"He died?" inquired Stumpy, breathlessly.

"Yes," replied the priest. "His widow was left penniless, and with four children. Larry quit college and did everything and anything to make a little money. Their parish priest told the Bishop of Tobique about the case. Then Larry was sent back to school."

"And then?" Stumpy's voice sank to the merest whisper.

"Presently everything was arranged. The diocese was to take care of Larry's expenses at college and the seminary through a bursary donated by an organization. The Bishop of Tobique gave the parish priest enough money each month for the little family. This went on for over a year. Larry was graduated from college. He was to enter the seminary this fall."

The priest's voice broke. Then he went on.

"I can help a little, but it takes more money than I can get together to support a family of five. Mrs. Cannon is frail and worn with work and worry. The four younger children need her care so she cannot go out of the home to make money. The county will see that Larry continues to get work—he has a relief job now that pays seventy dollars a month."

"So that is the end of Larry's vocation," remarked Stumpy, softly.

"Yes. His duty is to his mother and family," returned the priest. "If the Bishop of Tobique had lived. . ."

The clasp of Stumpy's calloused hand steadied and comforted the clergyman, and for the moment, his grief over the ruin of Larry Cannon's vocation seemed lessened.

"**S**OMETHING will turn up," said Stumpy, reassuringly. "Someone may help the boy. Larry is still young."

"Perhaps you are right, Stumpy," said the priest, and his blue eyes lost a trace of their sadness. "But I am afraid to hope."

Stumpy turned to the priest.

"Thank you for telling me Larry's story," he said.

Father Grant was thrilled immeasurably at the beauty of the smile that transformed the tramp's

plain countenance as he turned to clasp the hand of the priest.

The next evening Stumpy called around at the parish rectory.

"I'd like your advice about an important matter, Father," he said.

"You know I will do anything I can to help you, Stumpy," said Father Grant, earnestly.

"Well, it's this way, Father. You know how the Bishop gave me two hundred dollars to go out west—and how I blew in the money."

The priest nodded. Stumpy had confided his story early in their acquaintanceship.

"He expected me to make my home with his friends, who were to give me a job. He didn't want me on charity—when I was old," continued Stumpy haltingly. "I promised to go. I meant to keep my promise. But that was before I got steady work with the road crew. Today the boss asked me to stay with him, and go south with the gang on another big job next month."

"Splendid, Stumpy," cried the priest.

"**B**UT—my promise to the Bishop? What about it?" asked Stumpy.

"I think that if the Bishop were here to advise you, he would tell you to keep on working with the road gang," came the priest's unhesitating reply. "You are strong. You can work now and save enough money to care for yourself when you are old. You will be helping yourself, and at the same time leaving the place out west for someone who, perhaps, needs it more than you do."

Stumpy's eyes brightened as he listened.

"Thank you, Father," he said, when the priest had finished. "You've said what I wanted to hear. I'll tell the boss tomorrow that I'm his man as long as he has anything for me to do—and from what he said, his company has contracts ahead for several years' work. It's the end of the open road for me."

He picked up his hat. Then, as he turned to leave, he took a long, brown envelope from his inside pocket and handed it to the priest.

"Good night, Father," he said.

And, with a quick, firm step, he left the rectory.

Father Grant looked after the retreating figure affectionately, and then at the envelope. He opened it. The contents were a note and eighty dollars.

The note, roughly scrawled, read:

"This money is for Larry's mother. I'll send you this much every month. Tell the boy to go ahead with his studies—and I'll come through for the Bishop. Stumpy."

Nationalism in England

England Is the Supreme Example of Intense Nationalism in the Modern World, and That Nationalism Has Been Given a Strongly Anti-Catholic Bias

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WE SAID in our last article that England was a special and particularly intense case of nationalism: of the prejudiced local feeling which destroys the universal claim of the Catholic Church and sets up against it the almost divine claim of the nation to authority.

Now it is of the first importance to understand this character of English nationalism because it has had such prodigious effect upon the last two centuries, and also because the English language has indirectly had such great effect upon communities outside the east European area of Christendom.

I have purposely said nothing of the United States in this analysis of nationalism and its evil effects, partly because the problems there are difficult for a European to understand, partly because they are still changing so rapidly. But at any rate the subject of English nationalism in religion is indirectly of great moment to my readers who are citizens of the United States because English nationalism powerfully affects the literature and history propagated in a language common to the United States and Great Britain.

The literature which is bound up with the English language is, for the great mass of it, anti-Catholic. The effect of that literature is in four parts: first, its immediate effect through journalism and contemporary fiction of the ephemeral sort; secondly, its effect through what might be called permanent and classical fiction, the great English and Scotch writers, the bulk of which is, of course, strongly anti-Catholic; thirdly in the presentation of history written in the English tongue mainly by English and Scotch authors; and fourthly in the presentation of countries other than the British to the readers of the English tongue all over the world.

The immediate effect, that of journalism and of ephemeral fiction, is very great. Although the English newspapers are little known outside Great Britain the tone which they spread, the news which they select, is repeated wherever the English language is spoken. They can make

an Italian or Spanish or French or Belgian movement unpopular over very wide areas which otherwise have no political sympathy with England. The success of this influence in the past has been complete and is still very great.

But the second department, that of permanent fiction, is of still greater effect. What might be called the "classical fiction" (including the poetry) of the English tongue is anti-Catholic almost from beginning to end. It is steeped in anti-Catholic morals and gives a view of the world in which these morals appear so odd as to be necessarily rejected. Make a list of all the main writers of fiction and poetry before 1870 familiar to you as a modern reader of the English language. With the exception of Newman, who was a specialist in Catholicism, and of Shakespeare, who wrote when Catholicism was still the tradition of the English people, though a tradition beginning to disappear, nearly all that you read in fiction and poetry is of the anti-Catholic sort. A typical example is Milton, for long taken as the chief exponent of English letters, until under German influence he was supplanted by Shakespeare. It is true also of all the rest: of Fielding, of Swift, of Bunyan, of Sir Walter Scott, of George Eliot, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of the whole regiment. They did not, for the most part, set out to attack the Church but they took the anti-Catholic side for granted.

A Warped Picture

IN THE presentation of other countries to the English-speaking world the same happened. You find people on all sides, who, although they may themselves be Catholic, will, if they are English-speaking Catholics, regard the Catholic nations of Europe as weak and despicable and the anti-Catholic nations, and particularly Prussia, as especially strong and greatly to be respected, even if they are disliked. All this is, of course, a bad distortion of the truth. The general picture of the world is warped out of all knowledge by such a bias; but that it has the effect I describe is undoubted.

Lastly there is the presentation of history—that is, of the past—and here the effect of history written in the English language is more powerful, perhaps, than in any other department. A very notable example is the effect produced by Macaulay with his caricature of James II and his perpetual stoking of national hatred against the French. But Macaulay is only one of a great number. The English and Scotch historians form a solid block of anti-Catholic presentation from which it is difficult indeed for the modern reader of English works to escape. The villains are all champions of causes arising within the Catholic culture—such men as Louis XIV of France, as Napoleon, as the Bourbon kings in Italy and the great Spanish royal leaders such as Philip II. The work has been so thoroughly done that it has only now begun to be reversed with great difficulty. In the main, anti-Catholic history still holds the field wherever history is written and read in the English language.

England a Special Case

THERE you have, in these four points, the case of England. England forms a special case of nationalism because in England much more than in any other province of Christendom was nationalism erected as a religion. An intense patriotism, an emotion so strong as to exclude all other, more universal emotions, was set up by the great Englishmen of the Reformation, notably by the chief of them, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who was the true creator of modern England and of whom Elizabeth was but the puppet or figurehead. All that we now know as "England," the strength and wealth and glory of that state, was built up in the centuries when England was the champion of the Protestant culture against the Roman.

This feeling was powerfully enhanced by the use of the Old Testament in a translation known as the "Authorised Version." When men use in England the term "Bible" that is what, nine times out of ten, they mean. The English patriots drew from the Bible the idea of a chosen

people; and a corresponding idea they applied to themselves. The English, through these influences, grew to regard themselves as superiors in a world of inferiors. This situation was enhanced by a prodigious expansion in English trade, science, and numbers; in English wealth and social organization, coupled with a corresponding expansion by colonization and by the administration of great non-European areas—especially the vast sub-continent of India.

England and Ireland

THE PARTICULAR case of England is emphasized by the contrast of Ireland. One may say without much exaggeration that the 300 years and more of English Protestant governing power have at their centre a duel between Catholic Ireland and Anti-Catholic England.

It looked at one moment as though the duel was over and as though the defeated party were dead. Irish tradition came to its lowest ebb towards the latter part of the Eighteenth Century; then, in the Nineteenth, came that enormous event which contemporary history hardly ever emphasizes, but which the wise historian will regard as perhaps the most important business of the time—the great Irish famine. Numerically, the Irish who had once been something like half of their opponents and masters, fell to be more like a tenth. In wealth they fell even more catastrophically. It was not until this process seemed to have reached its maximum in the last third of the Nineteenth Century that, as so often happens in history, the tide turned.

One is perpetually finding in the story of mankind this strange event of a fire relit from embers which were almost cold, and of a body which might have been thought a corpse rising again into life. It is not, of course, in Ireland alone that the revival of the Irish has been apparent. It has had more vigor beyond the ocean and increases daily.

As things now are (and no man can foresee the future) England still is the supreme example of nationalism opposed to the universal Catholic claim. Whether that state of affairs will continue under the pressure of the very rapid revolutionary changes now passing over the world we cannot tell.

There are not a few who argue that the alignment of the near future in Europe and in the white world generally will be of the forces making for a revolutionary Communistic settlement of our present troubles on the one hand and of the

forces gathering for the defense of tradition on the other.

Of this new line of cleavage, obliterating the old conflict between the Catholic and the Protestant cultures, they point to the present Spanish struggle as an example. The force of nationalism is a great spiritual force naturally engaged on the side of tradition and therefore easily worked into alliance in favor of the Catholic tradition and culture, because this was what made Europe and because the Communist movement is mainly directed against the Church and her centuries of inheritance, material and spiritual.

If the new alignment is to be of this sort it would not mean that England would become in any definite fashion Catholic or even sympathetic with Catholic doctrine and morals: it would mean that the general sympathy of England would flow more and more towards those parts of our civilization which have preserved the Catholic tradition whereby our civilization lives, and in the absence of which it would perish.

I say that the example of the Spanish war led people to conclusions of this sort. There in Spain the determination to save the nation from the murderous disaster of Communism made all conservative forces rally round the Catholic inheritance of the nation. The same thing is apparent in France and common in a very different form in Italy.

But whether such a thing will happen in England is more doubtful. Even in the heat of the Spanish struggle the mass of the English nation was violently opposed to Franco and the Nationalists largely because it was felt that Spanish civilization belonged to the Catholic side of European culture and the national traditions of England were opposed to that side. On the other hand, it is to be noticed that for reasons which have nothing to do with the Communist revolution in Europe and which are mainly concerned with the defense of England against her new rivals abroad (who are as much opposed to Communism as she is) a tentative reconciliation with Catholic Ireland has begun.

Irish Reconciliation

FOR the first time since the Cecils and their Government in the second half of the Sixteenth Century let loose religious terror in Ireland the prolonged effort at destroying the Irish people and their religion has for the moment ceased. It might even be that the superficial reconciliation with Ireland which has begun to appear recently might become permanent and take root. As

yet however the whole thing is guesswork, for it will be many years before we shall know whether on this one point of Ireland alone, apart from the other traditional and Catholic forces in Europe, there will be a permanent change in the English attitude or not. We must remember that the partial release of Ireland was done most reluctantly and under compulsion.

There is another school of thought which, observing closely both England and the European situation as a whole, thinks that English nationalism will attempt to break away as much as possible from the old European connection altogether and necessarily tend to closer and closer relations with the new world, which means not only English-speaking America but Australasia. That new world has belonged hitherto predominantly to the non-Catholic half of our modern culture, and it is suggested that an increasingly close connection between England and that new world, which is the main area of Protestant culture outside Europe, will make the contrast between English nationalism and the universal Catholic Church stronger than ever.

A Change of Attitude?

THAT conjecture also is a matter for the future to decide. There is nothing to guide our judgment, save the slight beginnings of certain tendencies which have not yet matured. It will be interesting indeed to observe the direction and character of these tendencies in the light of the foregoing remarks.

At any rate England still remains at the moment these words are written (in the course of 1938) the supreme example of intense nationalism of the modern world, and since the national tradition in England has grown up as a direct effect of the Reformation and has a direct connection with the struggle against the whole Catholic culture and the repudiation of it, the chances seem to be against any great change of that attitude. England cannot change her great mass of inherited historical writing, her great mass of national literature, the inherited hero worship of one figure after another chosen for their opposition to the Catholic world, from Drake to William III and from William III to the Prussian leaders on the continent, the memory of whom is now opposed to the English power, but is still respected by Englishmen in a fashion never shown towards the great figures of French, Austrian, Italian and Spanish culture which figures represent the Catholic tradition.

A Passionist Missionary in the Philippine Army

By MANUEL C. COLAYCO

LATE in September, 1937, the President of the Philippine Commonwealth, in a letter to the chief of staff of the Commonwealth Army, expressed himself thus: "... I am deeply convinced that religion is a moral force of incalculable value for good. ... Let me avow publicly the firm conviction that faith in God and the practice of one's religious beliefs keeps a man, perhaps more than any other consideration, within the bounds of law and helps him in the performance of his duties." Accordingly His Excellency instructed the head of the Army to organize a Chaplain Service.

A week later the work of contacting Bishops and superiors, and the drafting of rules and regulations for the Service began. By the middle of November prospective Chaplains' qualifications were being gone over. Before the month ended the final Chaplains' examinations were being recorded. On December 20, the thirty Chaplains authorized were paying their respects to their commander-in-chief, and President Manuel L. Quezon was congratulating the first Chaplains of the Philippine Army. On January 3, 1938, these men were in different parts of the archipelago to fulfill the President's "desire and command that officers and enlisted men in the Philippine Army be given the opportunity to attend the practices of their respective churches or religions and at convenient times to be enlightened in the principles, rules and dogmas of their respective faiths."

What was behind that? Only this: that two archdioceses, eleven dioceses and three prefectures apostolic had to be covered in the search for young, "modern generation" clerics who would likely qualify for the almost entirely strange field of military ministry, and—what is important— who could be spared by their Bishops. There was also the study of post censuses to determine the proportionate number of Catholic, schismatic Aglipayan, Protestant and Mohammedan clergymen who must be included in the Service.

Of course, the difficulties were not insurmountable; but they demanded extreme patience, the Philippines being still a land of *mañana* appointments and *mañana* decisions. The obstacles had to be removed in a manner which had not been tried before. A certain amount of prejudice against the cloth in government offices also had to be remembered at all times, and ecclesiastical mills—which had to be depended upon by the organizer of the Chaplain Service—sometimes seem slow to army speed-and-precision devotees who had a hand in the formation of the unit.

A PASSIONIST, the lone representative of his Order in the Philippines, an American whose monastic bearing belied an experience in the battlefields of France and permitted no suspicion that the man was capable of things usually attributed only to military men; a "foreigner"

who breached a wall which took years for others to hurdle, was behind the minor miracle.

When the United States entered the World War in 1917, circumstances, as far as the formation of a Chaplains' Corps was concerned, were pretty much the same. Men were being jerked away from civil life to the army. Cantonments were numerous and populous. The transition and adjustment were a difficulty not only for the "rookies" but also for the priests and ministers who had to attend to the soldiers' needs. But they had the necessary personnel; facilities were many and available. And when the Chaplains' Corps was formally organized in France they called it a wonder. In Manila there was, for practical purposes, only one man to map out the organization; only one man to draft the rules, give instructions, go over recommendations, look over the prospective members of the Service, and, I think, many a time and oft persuade a Bishop here or an Archbishop there to let a parish priest applicant join. That one man had, too, to convince a sceptical group that administrative efficiency is not an unknown quantity even among Roman Catholic religious.

HE WAS Father Edwin Ronan, former Rector of the Passionist Retreat House in Norwood Park, Chicago, later Rector of the monastery of St. Paul of the Cross in Detroit, and a former Superior of Mater Dolorosa Retreat House in Sierra Madre, Los Angeles. Perhaps because from the very beginning Father Ronan had demonstrated his capacity for the work and responsibility, it must here also be recorded that he sought and received the utmost co-operation from the Army command and from the ecclesiastical authorities of the Philippines.

Father Ronan has been in the Philippines at this writing only six months. In about three months of that period he has provided for the spiritual needs of over 40,000 Philippine Army



PHOTO FROM SIGNAL CORPS, PHILIPPINE ARMY

The Chaplain at Camp Murphy, Capt. Emilio Gutierrez, saying Mass. Father Gutierrez was a Chaplain in the U. S. Army, R.C., before he entered P.A. Service



PHOTO FROM SIGNAL CORPS, PHILIPPINE ARMY

Soldiers in the making. The first members of the Chaplain Service, P.A., on their "graduation" after an intensive training in a military camp. Seated with Father Edwin Ronan, C. P. (fifth from left) are instructors and the new Chaplains

trainees and enlisted personnel in close to a hundred *cadres* and army posts. Trained by his able hands thirty Chaplains are now covering the ten military districts and giving effect to the desire of the Commonwealth President and of the trainees' parents.

Two weeks after designating the chosen applicants, Father Ronan, who holds the rank of brevet-major, P.A., and a staff of efficient, co-operative officers were subjecting the twenty-four Catholic priests and five non-Catholic ministers (the lone Mohammedan *pandita* did not arrive in time) who compose the Chaplain Service, to a rigorous training in Canlubang, an army camp an hour away from Manila. For perhaps the first time in their lives the "trainee" Chaplains were taking up military history, elementary drill, first aid and kindred subjects. Their schedule kept them busy practically nine hours a day. "It was hard work," Father Ronan said, "but the boys went through it with a sincere wish to make good."

PRESIDENT QUEZON explains his selection of Father Ronan thus: "While in the United States, I designated Father Edwin Ronan as my adviser for the organization of that branch of the Army known as the Chaplain Service. I selected Father Ronan to advise me in this work because of his unusual qualifications. During the World War, the American Expeditionary Forces had in Europe a corps of Chaplains composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Father Ronan, as the head of the Catholic Chaplains of the American Expeditionary Forces, acquired in-

valuable training, experience and understanding which qualify him pre-eminently to advise in this work. So far as I know no Catholic priest or any other minister of a faith or creed residing in the Philippines has ever had any assignment comparable to this rich and broadening experience."

How the President really appreciates Father Ronan may be seen in the fact that the "adviser" has become the personal chaplain and intimate friend of Mr. Quezon. The President's family, according to observers in the palace occupied as residence by the head of the Commonwealth, called Malacañang, treats him with much affection. For this I offer as a reason the fact that Father Ronan has been the personification of tolerance and fair-mindedness throughout, so much so that all the Chaplains under him without exception "will go to bat" for him any time, and "root for him" as a real superior and friend. Particularly noted has been the open, affectionate and intimate attitude of the non-Catholic Chaplains towards their Roman Catholic chief. When President Quezon had to submit himself to an emergency appendectomy, it was to Father Ronan that he turned to give him spiritual assistance.

Father Ronan's work is far from finished. Acting as Senior Chaplain, he must see to it that the few Chaplains who must attend to the needs of so many are enabled to do their work properly and efficiently. A Chaplain must take care of at least three *cadres*, training centre; for the twenty-year-old citizen soldiers of the Commonwealth; this not to mention

the army and constabulary posts that dot many of the over seven thousand islands that make up the Philippines.

The Chaplains, besides their regular ministry, are called on to organize and supervise the soldiers and trainees' recreation. They must provide libraries. Books and periodicals are conspicuous by their absence in almost all of the hundred *cadres*. And they find little or no means to do this. A great deal of their work is in reality instruction of the trainees, young men about 87 per cent of whom are Catholics, that is, baptized as such, but of whom only about 25 per cent have received the Sacraments or know their religion. Fully 70 per cent of the trainees in a representative *cadre* had not received their first Communion.

THE Chaplain needs catechisms and other instructive literature for these and must beg most of the time. Although five regular chapels for trainees are now being planned or under construction, made possible by private Catholic donations (for the Army must grow in other, to it, more pressing branches) for the majority of Chaplains, the post chapel is still a dream and hope. Practically every Mass celebrated for the soldiers and trainees at *cadres* is a Field Mass.

Father Ronan's work as organizer is probably over; but his job as supervisor, counsellor and recourse for the young and harassed Chaplains is just beginning. Even if our wish that he should stay with us permanently is discounted, I think that the work which follows his minor miracle definitely decrees that he will, at least for some time more.

Woman to Woman

By KATHERINE BURTON

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL QUESTIONNAIRE

• THE *Ladies' Home Journal* is at present publishing a series of answers on questions put to hundreds of thousands of women through the country. Unlike many questionnaires it has brought answers from almost everyone, so that the result is no doubt a fair cross-section of opinion of the women of the land. Much of it is heartening too. The majority say that morals are best taught in the home, that petting and kissing promiscuously is wrong, that sexual relations before marriage could never be justified, and that the moral faults which do most harm are drinking, laziness and unkindness. Then they touch the subject of divorce and some readers were astounded to find that four per cent of Catholics favored it. It seems to me this is rather a misunderstanding and that if the phrase had been extended to include "and remarriage" there would have been a different answer from the four per cent.

Then came the question of birth control. Remember this series of answers came from rural, urban, and small town women, from Protestants, Catholics and those of no religious affiliation, of all incomes and all ages. The astonishing thing about the answer to the question: "Are you in favor of birth control?" was that fifty-one per cent of the Catholic women said yes. There were 83 per cent who based their answers on family income, 17 per cent on possible birth of defectives, and eleven per cent on health. The questions, of course, did not particularize. It specified nothing and asked for nothing specific.

To this fifty-one per cent return there are no doubt many explanations. I could do a good bit of disproving myself about the strangeness of it. But perhaps it might be interesting to let my readers answer instead. If a definitely Protestant magazine which includes many Catholic women among its readers can conduct a poll such as this, why not a definitely Catholic woman's page as well? I can't expect hundreds of thousands of answers, but certainly here too I could get, on a smaller scale, a cross-section of opinion that would explain that fifty-one per cent. There is no need of signing a name and the post-mark will show the part of the country the letter comes from. Will my readers please let me know their opinion and will they also mention, if they answered the *Journal* questionnaire, just what was their answer and why they answered as they did.

DOROTHY THOMPSON'S COLUMN

• I HAVE been brooding over a remark made by Dorothy Thompson in her newspaper column a few weeks ago. She said it just after the President of the League of Catholic Women spoke in Boston regarding Mrs. Roosevelt's recently printed remarks on divorce, and she criticised her attitude. At the time I liked very much the courteous way in which everyone handled the remark, unfortunate perhaps in that it was not exactly

fair. But the woman who made it was very polite in her objections and Mrs. Roosevelt answered with her customary politeness, explaining that her critic had not completed the quotation. Mrs. Roosevelt had said that divorce is a big factor in present American life, but she had added that she was not including the Catholics, whose Church has a very different attitude towards divorce than have other churches. I myself was amused to note that Mrs. Roosevelt did not mention the Episcopal Church, to which she belongs and which certainly has the same ideas as the Catholic Church on the subject, or very nearly so at least. That was the place where criticism might have been justly leveled at her and her answer would have been of real interest.

Then the columnist ladies took it up, and here too the spirit of politeness made me proud of my sex. But Miss Thompson had in her column one sentence that was rather strange. It was in the nature of a rebuke to the woman speaking in Boston, and she said she must remember that this is a Protestant country. I have been mulling that over in my mind ever since, and I have been waiting to find letters in the press on the subject, perhaps rebuking her in turn. I have seen none.

Now just how is this a Protestant country? Who says so besides Miss Thompson, or at least thinks so? Where in Constitution or by-laws or Declaration of Independence or state papers does she find her authority for this statement? We are a Christian country by law, yes, and that fact is made clear over and over in those papers, but to call a country where religion is free a Protestant country is rather odd.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS IN AMERICA

• AND besides, who did more for this country in its beginnings anyway—Protestants or Catholics? There is a fine subject for a debate for a pair of colleges to stage. Who came over here and did the civilizing? The Spanish—the Franciscans and the Jesuits did a fair share of it. Were the missions of the southwest Protestant? And how about Maryland? How about the French in the north and the middlewest?

The days of the Franciscans and Jesuits were days of men who hunted souls. There is only one man among Protestants whose name is remembered as a soul hunter—and that is John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. The Catholics converted the Indians and often lost their lives doing it—and willingly. They were martyrs aplenty in those days. And they brought a culture the others did not bring—they studied soil and botany, for they were often learned men, and they taught what they knew to the Indians. The later Puritans made their peace with the Indians when they could, but it was so that they themselves might live safely for this life and with no interest in the Indians' future life.

In origin, then, and in tradition, much of this country is not Protestant at all. Legally it is not either, I am sure. So will Miss Thompson please do us another and correct article on the subject?

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

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The Editor of The Sign-Post takes this occasion to call the attention of our subscribers to the policy of this department. Its observance is requested so that everything may be conducted fairly and in an orderly manner.

PERSONAL REPLIES. As announced in the beginning of The Sign-Post, the Editor does not reply to questions by personal letter. Those who have need of help in urgent cases are advised to bring their problems to their Pastor or some other authority.

NAME AND ADDRESS. This is required in all honest correspondence. Editors invariably ignore letters which do not carry the writer's name and address. Why anyone submitting a legitimate question should refuse to sign his or her name and address is hard to understand. When we ask our correspondents to give their name and address, we expect to have their *true* name and address, not fictitious ones. On more than one occasion, we have answered questions by mail because they could not be answered in The Sign-Post—(sometimes such questions are received)—only to have the letters returned by the Post Office marked, "unknown," etc. This is not only dishonest; it is irritating. There is no valid reason for refusing to give correct name and address. Of course, neither initials nor address will be published, if the questioner so advises.

NUMBER OF QUESTIONS. While we welcome bona fide questions about the "Catholic Faith and related matters," we do not wish to be understood as inviting our subscribers to send in as many questions as they can think of at one time. Some letters contain so many questions that it would require the entire space of The Sign-Post (perhaps more) in order to answer them. We recommend moderation in this matter.

CONTEST QUESTIONS. Last June (THE SIGN, p. 684) we notified our subscribers that the Editor could not engage to answer questions connected with contests sponsored by agencies, in which prizes are awarded. We find it necessary to repeat the notice this year. For the past few months identical questions have been received, which aroused our suspicions. We found that *Our Sunday Visitor* was conducting another contest. Of course, it is no business of ours that another Catholic publication is conducting a Question and Answer contest, but we assure our readers that we decline to engage in it without our knowledge by assisting contestants to send in answers. In conformity with our announced policy, we do not honor such questions. This, moreover, is in accord with the wishes of *Our Sunday Visitor*. As before, a remarkable feature about the letters asking for help was that *not one* mentioned that he or she was

trying to win a prize (let alone offered to send us a modest commission for professional services in the event that they won). This procedure is less than honest. It is a form of chiseling which we do not intend to encourage. One correspondent sent in 13 questions (no less) from this contest. We do not know how many of these correspondents purchase THE SIGN, but we have discovered that only a few are subscribers.

PREPARING PAPERS. We are frequently asked to help in the preparation of essays, reviews, and other things of this sort, by indicating sources, etc. This we are glad to do, if we are able, but we confess that we do not relish requests for help which are almost equivalent to preparing the papers ourselves. Students with assignments are liable to make such modest pleas.

MARRIAGE QUESTIONS. Many questions pertaining to marriage are received. While there is nothing unlawful in explaining the public law of the Church in a public manner, there is a particular difficulty when questioners ask for an opinion concerning actual cases in which they are involved, and which can be decided only by the regularly constituted tribunals of the Church. We refer to such questions as the validity of a particular marriage, freedom to marry again, etc. While the law itself may be clear, its application in a concrete case may be far from clear. It is not part of an Editor's service to attempt to give judgment in such cases and the Editor of The Sign-Post does not wish to be mixed in them. Persons with actual matrimonial difficulties are advised to seek the advice of their Pastors or Spiritual Directors, who, if the case demands it, will refer them to the matrimonial court of the diocese.

If these points are observed, there will be no misunderstanding and disappointment on the part of our subscribers, and this department will more easily and more perfectly fulfill the purpose for which it was instituted.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. The poet sighed and said, "Oh! what is so rare as a day in June?" The Editor of The Sign-Post could suggest to him that acknowledgment of help from The Sign-Post is rarer still.

Jewish Religion in Russia: Veil of Veronica and Three Falls

(1) *Is the Jewish religion also suppressed in Russia? When reading of the diabolical obliteration of the Catholic Religion and the schemes to make its observance impossible by forced work on Sundays and Holydays of Obligation, I wondered if the Jews on their religious*

holydays were prevented from exercising divine worship. (2) Why have the Popes indulged those stations which are not historically accurate, e. g., Veronica wiping the face of Jesus and His three falls on the way to Calvary? The Gospels say nothing of Veronica, nor do they say that Christ fell three times, though it is reasonable to believe that He did succumb to the weight of His heavy cross.—H. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) The new Soviet Constitution in Article 124 grants "freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda" to all citizens. This much eulogized right of religious worship in Russia is really a mockery. The citizens of the Soviet may worship, (if they can find a church to worship in and clergymen to lead them), but not do anything to propagate and defend that worship, though all citizens are free to engage in all manner of anti-religious propaganda. In fact, the Government does everything possible to nullify this alleged right and encourages the people to exert themselves in the anti-God movement. Whether the Jews enjoy any special concessions in regard to divine worship, we cannot say, but we are inclined to think that they do not, since the Government is militantly atheistic and by its Bolshevik principles is against all religion.

(2) The various Stations of the Cross do not all have a foundation in the written record of the Sacred Passion as found in the Gospels. Some of them, as the three falls and the incident of the veil, are derived from a venerable tradition, which the Church honors without certifying to their historical accuracy. The Way of the Cross is an exercise of piety for the purpose of joining mind and heart with Christ in penitential love, not a study in exegesis. Though Sacred Scriptures do not vouch for these incidents, their ancient character entitles them to respectful consideration by the faithful. Veronica is the name given to the handkerchief or towel, which is exposed for the veneration of the faithful on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week in St. Peter's in Rome. By a curious interchange, the woman who is said to have offered the towel is called Veronica. She is also called Berenice.

Sponsor at Confirmation

What are the obligations of a sponsor for the Sacrament of Confirmation?—J. S., TROY, N. Y.

Cardinal Gasparri's *Catholic Catechism* answers: "Godparents (sponsors) are appointed in Baptism and Confirmation in order that they may always watch over those baptized or confirmed and may see to their Christian education, more especially if their parents are dead or neglect their duty." It is generally understood that the sponsor or godparent at Confirmation fulfills this duty in default of the parents and the godparents appointed at Baptism.

Status and Duties of Lay Brothers

Will you kindly tell me something about the status and duties of lay brothers of religious communities?—J. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Lay brothers are professed members of a religious community, who are not in Holy Orders and do not aspire to them. They are religious in the strict sense of the term, since they publicly assume the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, or their equivalent.

They wear the religious habit of the institute, which may differ in some detail from that of the professed clerics and priests. They are occupied, as a rule, in the domestic cares of their communities, so as to leave the clerics and those in Holy Orders free to devote themselves to sacred studies and the offices of the sacred ministry. They do not, of course, receive any salary for their labors from the community, since they freely give their lives to its service. Most religious institutes have an age limit for aspirants, but this rule may be more easily waived in the case of lay brothers. While no specific training is usually required in them, the possession of some kind of skill is an asset. They should be of good health and sound mind, unmarried, and be moved by a true desire to serve God in the religious life. These are the general conditions. Besides the prescriptions of Canon Law, which govern all religious institutes, the particular community may lay down other conditions for aspirants.

Eucharist Fast Before Midnight Mass

Is there any moral obligation for one receiving Holy Communion at the Midnight Mass on Christmas to fast for one or two hours before midnight, or is it merely a matter of propriety?—R. I.

The obligation of observing the Eucharistic fast, according to Canon 858, begins at midnight. Therefore, there is no strict obligation in law to fast for one or two hours before the Midnight Mass on Christmas, but it is usually recommended as the better thing to do. In other words, not a precept, but a counsel.

Restraining Sexual Appetite: Civilizations and Divine Revelation

(1) In Dr. Alexis Carrel's book, "Man the Unknown," p. 144, I read: "While the weak, the nervous and the unbalanced become more abnormal when their sexual appetites are repressed, the strong are rendered stronger by practicing a form of asceticism." Does this statement agree with the teaching of the Church regarding this matter? (2) What does the Catholic Church answer to those who teach that this civilization is but one of many that have come and gone, and of those that are still to appear and disappear, and that, although there is a presiding deity, this deity does not reveal its purpose to man, never has done so, and never will?—A. B., MASS.

(1) The attitude of the Catholic Church on sexual indulgence is based on God's word and reason, or the natural law. Chastity or the regulation of the sex appetite is obligatory on all, though not to the same degree. The satisfaction of the sexual appetite is permitted only in lawful marriage. Such is the wise provision of Mother Nature and the explicit teaching of God, the Author of Nature. Logically, this is also the attitude of the Church. Unlawful indulgence is condemned by nature and by God; hence also by the Church. In pathological cases, therapeutic remedies can be found to give relief, while the patient can build up moral resistance to unregulated sexual desires. When a person is weak, nervous or unbalanced, the gratification of sexual desires in an unlawful manner militates against physical, mental and moral well-being. Even in the married state this appetite must be regulated in conformity with sane common sense and decency. No one can violate nature and reason and escape the consequences. The way to health is the keeping of nature's law, not its violation.

(2) There have been, indeed, several civilizations in the past, as the Babylonian, the Egyptian, the Greco-

Roman, etc. The present pattern of civilization is Christian, at least in name, and for the greater part of the western world; but that this type of civilization will completely disappear and give way to another type is not proven by the gratuitous assertion that such will be the case. If the Christian order completely collapses, we are lost, for there is no salvation in any other name under Heaven than the Name of Jesus, Who promised His Apostles and their successors that He would be with them "all days, even to the consummation of the world." It is merely another gratuitous assertion to maintain that "this presiding deity" has never revealed its will and will not do so. Facts, historical and psychological, prove the contrary. That God revealed Himself many times is proved in the Bible, which is the written record of God's dealings with men: "God Who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all . . . has spoken to us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the world." (Heb. 1:1.) Jesus Christ is the *personal* revelation of God in this world. Each man's conscience, also, reveals a law which he must obey, under threat of punishment. This recognition of conscience may be obscure, especially if it is habitually throttled, but still it is there. Now, every law implies a lawgiver, and the lawgiver of every human conscience is God. He has revealed Himself to all men by writing His law on the fleshly tablets of their hearts.

Papal Honor for Morgan and Lamont

The newspapers some time ago stated that John Pierpont Morgan and Thomas William Lamont, bankers, were made Knights of St. Gregory by Pope Pius XI. The conferring of this order is amazing to many. I have always regarded it as a strictly Catholic Order. Will such men, non-Catholics, be given a place of distinction at ecclesiastical functions?—(SEVERAL INQUIRIES.)

According to *The New Catholic Dictionary*, the Order of the Knights of St. Gregory is a pontifical order of knighthood, which was founded by Pope Gregory XVI, September 1, 1831, as a decoration for meritorious services of subjects of the States of the Church. It has both a civil and military division, each of which is divided into four classes: (1) Grand Cross Knights, First Class; (2) Grand Cross Knights, Second Class; (3) Commanders; (4) Knights. Membership in the Order is not now confined to any country, or to Catholics, but is a reward for any meritorious public service which benefits religion and the Holy See. Messrs. Morgan and Lamont were given the Grand Cross of the Civil Class. We are not sure what civil privileges this Order confers on non-Catholics, but it will not give them any right of distinction in functions of a religious character. We assume that they were given this honor because of "some meritorious service which benefits religion and the Holy See."

The Carthusians

Will you kindly tell your readers something about the Carthusians?—J. D., ROXBURY, MASS.

The Carthusian Order of monks was founded by St. Bruno at the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny, France, in 1084. (Carthusian is derived from Chartreuse.) Their life is essentially that of hermits. On Sundays and feasts they meet in church for the chanting of the Divine Office and in the refectory for two meals. On these days they

recreate together and once a week join in a long walk. On other days conventual Mass, Vespers, and Matins and Lauds are sung in church and the rest of the time is spent by each monk in his cottage, where he prays, reads and works. Each monk tends a tiny garden attached to his cottage. The three offices—the Divine, of Our Lady, and of the Dead, are recited. A definite time is also allotted to mental prayer. Abstinence from flesh meat is perpetual and sleep is broken for nearly three hours in the recitation of the night office. The hair shirt is always worn. One of the many distinctions of the Carthusians is that the Order has never required reform. This is said to have been due to their entire sequestration from the world and the vigilance of superiors in never allowing a door to be opened for mitigations and dispensations to creep in. This institute has been regarded by the Church as the most perfect model of a penitential and contemplative state. The habit consists of a tunic, girdle, scapular with hood, joined at the sides by bands, all white. Each monk's head is shaved all over, except for a very narrow corona. Though poor in everything else, the Order has been traditionally noted for the richness of its libraries. It was in such monasteries as theirs that the Holy Bible was laboriously copied and handed down to succeeding generations. The Carthusians have their own rite in the celebration of Mass and the Divine Office. Houses of the Order are established in France, Spain, Italy, England (Parkminster, Sussex), Germany, Austria and Switzerland. In 1929 there were 15 monasteries or charterhouses, with 750 religious and novices. Carthusian Nuns, who follow a similar rule, with modifications, are located in France, Belgium and Italy. Chartreuse, the famous liqueur, distilled from herbs, is a famous product of the monks.

Communion on Holy Saturday

I am enclosing a leaflet listing the services for Holy Week. It says that Holy Communion will be distributed on Holy Saturday at 9.00 A. M. I was asked by several people if this was lawful. As I haven't had a chance to attend services on Holy Saturday since I was a child, I was not able to answer.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

Holy Communion may be distributed every day of the year, except on Good Friday, when it is lawful to administer only Viaticum to the sick. It should be distributed only at those hours when it is lawful to celebrate Mass, unless there is good reason to deviate from this rule. It is lawful to distribute Holy Communion on the Saturday of Holy Week, but only during Mass, or immediately after its completion. (Canon 867).

Rotary International

Please state fully the attitude of the Catholic Church towards Rotary Clubs. I have made inquiries of Catholic publishers for literature, but they could not supply me with any.—I. R.

The attitude of the Catholic Church towards International Rotary was made known by a decision of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory, issued February 4, 1929, which declared that it was not expedient or desirable ("*non expedire*") for Bishops or other ecclesiastical superiors to allow the priests subject to them to become members of Rotary, or to take part in their meetings.

International Rotary was forbidden to Spanish Cath-

olies by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo and the Spanish Hierarchy in a Pastoral Letter of January 23, 1929. His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, expressed entire agreement with the Spanish Hierarchy in this matter on June 15 of the same year. The Hierarchy of Holland followed the example of the Spanish Bishops and on July 13, 1930, declared that "Rotary is one of the associations which Catholics must avoid."

The *Osservatore Romano*, semi-official newspaper of the Vatican, in an authorized article gave three reasons for the decision of the Roman Congregation: The Masonic origin of Rotary; its proved hostility to the Church; and its moral code, "which in almost every particular resembles that of Freemasonry."

The attitude of Catholic authorities towards International Rotary may be found in *Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement* by Fr. Cahill, S. J. (Gill & Co., Dublin), from which the above answer is partly taken. Father Clune, S. J., also mentions it unfavorably in his pamphlet on *Freemasonry* (Catholic Truth Society, Dublin). *The Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies* by Arthur Pruess describes the origin and purpose of Rotary, but does not include the decisions concerning it, as his book was published in 1924. Catholic publishers, or at least book-sellers, should be up on these things.

Incidentally, Fr. Cahill maintains that the expression—*non expedire*—contains a prohibition. He instances the reply of the Congregation of the Holy Office to a question concerning the meaning of this phrase in a decree of the Sacred Penitentiary. The answer was—*prohibitionem importat* (it implies a prohibition.) (*ibid*, pp. 150-1.)

Books for Scrupulous

Kindly advise if there is a book published that would be helpful for a person inclined to be scrupulous.—J. M., SPOKANE, WASH.

We know of two written especially for such persons—*Way of Interior Peace* by F. De Lehen, S. J., (\$2.25), and *Scruples* by Fr. Gearon, O. Carm. (\$1.00). According to the common teaching of spiritual writers, the reading of books on scruples by persons either scrupulous or inclined to be scrupulous can never supplant the personal direction of an experienced confessor.

Order of the Eastern Star

A Protestant lady who is a member of the Order of the Eastern Star wishes to join the Catholic Church, but is unwilling to give up her membership in the order. Can she be received on the plea that the order has not been nominally condemned by the Church?—N. N.

The Order of the Eastern Star, according to *The Cyclopaedia of Fraternities*, (quoted by Pruess in his *Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies*, p. 369) was "created by Freemasons and only members of the Masonic fraternity and women relatives of the latter may join it." There does not appear to be a nominal condemnation of the Order of the Eastern Star, but the Apostolic Delegate at Washington on August 2, 1907, declared that female societies affiliated to societies already nominally condemned by the Church fall under the same condemnations as the male societies. (*Condemned Societies*, Quigley, p. 67). Since Freemasons must renounce the Lodge in order to be received into the Church, it logically follows that a member of the Eastern Star must do the same.

Religious Freedom of U. S.

Does the Constitution of the United States really guarantee freedom of religious worship to all? If so, how did several State Constitutions discriminate indirectly against Catholics for as long as one hundred years after the Federal Constitution was adopted? My conception is that a State Constitution had to be in conformity with the Federal Constitution, in order to be "Constitutional."—T. M., SCRANTON, PA.

Article 1 of the ten original amendments to the Constitution provided for religious freedom in these words: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." By this Amendment the various aspects of religion enumerated were declared outside the competence of Congress, but it did not guarantee that the several States could not make laws concerning religion. This right of the States was incorporated in Article X of the original amendments: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Hence it was that several States enacted laws which were discriminatory and prejudicial to Catholics. In New Hampshire, for example, the State Constitution prescribed that adherence to the Protestant religion was a necessary qualification for public office. What was denied the Federal Government was allowed to the individual States. A strange kind of religious "freedom"? It certainly was. (See "Three Constitutions," *THE SIGN*, Dec., 1937; *Religious Liberty in Transition* by Joseph Thorning, Benzigers, N. Y.)

Novena and Triduum at Same Time

If one is making a novena in honor of St. Anthony, and during that time a triduum in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is held in the church, can one make both for the same intention?—NATICK, MASS.

Why not? There is nothing incompatible about them.

King Zog and Countess Apponyi

I read in the newspaper that King Zog of Albania, a Mohammedan, and the Hungarian Countess, Geraldine Apponyi, a Roman Catholic, were married by a member of the Albanian Parliament, without religious ceremony, and the marriage has been approved by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. We are all wondering how the Holy Father could do this. Does the old adage hold good—"The King can do no wrong?"—or does money and influence or position count?—MASS.

We are wondering, too, why some Catholics swallow whatever some ingenious reporter sends to his newspaper. Let all worries cease. The reason? The Pope did not approve of the marriage. In fact, he is very much put out about it. No dispensation was granted because, according to one report from Vatican City, the King refused to sign the usual pledge that all children would be baptized and educated in the Catholic Faith only. At the time that this marriage was pending, the Holy See issued a statement about the conditions of mixed marriages. They are the same for princes as for peasants, for commoners as for countesses. Hence, the marriage is invalid in the eyes of the Church. The Countess has shown herself to be a disobedient Catholic, like some other Catholic girls and women, who follow the Hollywood formula—"get your man!"—even at the expense of fidelity to their Mother the Church.

Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

ADVANTAGES OF MACHINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In his article "Machines and Unemployment" Mr. Lucey gives the reader the impression that machines are very bad indeed. With the exception of a brief final paragraph he says nothing of machines and employment.

On the first page are pictured men doing work which was non-existent a century ago, namely armature-winding. Think of the thousands of men employed in the electrical industry: in the production of electrical energy, in its distribution, and in the manufacture and sale of the multitude of electrical machines, instruments, and appliances. Motors relieve men of hard manual labor. Who will deny that young workmen today working seven or eight hours a day, five days a week, for more pay are not better off than their fathers before them who worked ten hours a day, six days a week, and, lacking machinery, wore themselves out and were old men at 40? Electrical instruments mean greatly increased accuracy in modern factory production by precise control of temperature, pressure, humidity and other vital factors in industrial processes. These instruments far surpass man's inherent capacity for such work. Who can detect a one or two degree temperature variation in a room? Present-day thermostatic control of domestic automatic heating sources adds much to the comfort and health of many of our citizens. Electrical appliances have lightened the housewife's tasks.

Radio—another new industry which gives employment to hundreds of men in all its phases: the manufacture, sale, installation, operation and maintenance of broadcasting stations and equipment, commercial transmitting and receiving equipment, and of course home radio sets. Has radio lessened theatre attendance? Not judging by the large audiences and long runs which pay tribute to the many good pictures appearing nowadays. Rather, radio has fitted in as a welcome additional source of entertainment for millions, displacing no one, adding new payrolls.

Regarding the automobile industry—it has been said that one out of every seven persons in the United States is directly or indirectly connected with this business. Consider the number of factories, refineries, garages, filling stations and automobile dealers. Doubtless, there are more cars in use than there were buggies in the "good old days."

It is the writer's belief that we are generally too prone to look at the dark side of issues such as machines and their effect on employment.

When the safety razor first came out barbers threw up their hands. No doubt about it, they were ruined. Then women began bobbing their hair. And so it goes.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

JIM MARSHALL.

Editor's Note: Lawrence Lucey is acquainted with both sides of the discussion about machines and he

himself suggested that their advantages be pointed out in a further article. We believe our correspondent has presented the other side well.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Double congratulations are in order! First to THE SIGN, because you are bringing Christopher Dawson to the attention of the general reading public in America. Secondly, to Mr. Sheed, because he's doing it for you in a most excellent manner. I'm referring to the June article "Christopher Dawson."

Apparently Mr. Sheed was quite aware of the impossibility of doing justice to his subject in one or two magazine articles. As he remarked, "Dawson is more like a movement than a man." For myself, I don't know whether it is the man, or the rich array of great truths which have found unity in his soul that causes me to pause in amazement. At any rate, for anyone seeking to unify in his own mind the complex data of contemporary life which tumbles upon him from every source—social, political, economic, scientific, artistic, philosophic and religious—for such a one, Mr. Dawson is God's own gift. It is difficult to be over-enthusiastic about him.

And how else could one feel about a man whose universal outlook scans the history of human civilization and finds therein, that thought and particularly religious thought is the main force that makes for social vitality and progress—and at the same time so emphasizes the economic, political and racial factors that he has to defend himself against the accusation that his views lend themselves to the materialistic interpretation of history? (*The Tablet*, London, May 28.) How could one fail to enthuse when he finds a great mind pondering the mysteries of sex, love and the family, finding room for Freud, Jung, and Havelock Ellis; then choosing their truths and leaving their errors, balances his judgment with the finest thought of St. Augustine, St. Theresa, Leo XIII and Pius XI? How could one help but be enthusiastic about a man who professedly a historian studying world culture, could yet plunge beneath the multifarious detail of social phenomena and pen an essay on *Islamic Mysticism* that would be worthy of the best moments of Pere Marechal? A sober, scientific historian feels he must know the influence of ideas on social action, and he studies the matter so thoroughly that he can write an essay *On Spiritual Intuition in Christian Philosophy* that would be a credit to M. Maritain.

One of the world's greatest collectors of facts feels he must know more about their inner unity and meaning, so he studies supernatural revelation to such a point that he is able to give us one of the best essays ever written on Christian Spirituality, *The Nature and Destiny of Man*. In theological accuracy, it might well have come from the pen of Garrigou-Lagrange, and in psychological penetration it is not surpassed (if indeed equalled) by Karl Adam. How could one restrain an inward glow when he finds a lofty spirit that knows how to distinguish without separating, and unite without confusing, turning his attention from the consideration of history, to show that still struggling "science" called sociology the path it must pursue to become a real science.

And when we have considered these aspects of Mr. Dawson we haven't yet begun to consider his main work, which is to write a history of world culture. His first volume *The Age of The Gods* summarized a century of archeological and historic research. It was

appraised by Prof. V. Gordon Childe as "the most comprehensive, the most erudite, the most sane, and consequently the most successful in that direction that I have yet come across." That was Dawson's contribution to the study of prehistoric humanity. His second volume, *The Rise of The World Religions*, when it is published, will bring a sigh of relief to many a confused student of comparative religion. The third volume, *The Making of Europe*, is the best single volume this writer has seen on the organic development of European civilization from the fourth to the eleventh centuries. The last two volumes have yet to be published, and it is said that no less an authority on medieval thought and history than Prof. Gilson is waiting with "panting anxiety" for the sequel of *The Making of Europe*.

No wonder, then, that he generates enthusiasm. No wonder that he was offered a signed check with permission to fill in any amount if he would come to a certain American University to teach. No wonder that he is said to command, from the non-Catholic world, the greatest intellectual prestige of any Catholic writer since the time of the Reformation; no wonder that the English humanist, T. S. Eliot, can consider him the greatest living influence in England—that the Anglican Archbishop of Chichester decreed he would ordain no candidate for orders until said candidate had passed an examination in Dawson's recent work, *Religion and The Modern State!*

The need of the age today demands that at least some scientists, historians and sociologists become more philosophical and theological; and conversely, that at least some philosophers and theologians become much more historical-minded, much more science- and social-conscious for only thus will the whole of life become unified in human intelligence and thus pass out into the external reality of history to organize the contemporary chaos we call society.

We thank Mr. Dawson for having so magnificently pioneered in this necessity. And again we thank THE SIGN for once more bringing to its readers the finest thought of a great mind.

BOSTON, MASS.

G. C. P.

SALUTATION FROM SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The purpose of my letter is to congratulate you with all my heart and soul upon the noble campaign which has been carried on in THE SIGN on behalf of the Nationalist Spanish Cause, which is the cause of reason, of truth, of culture, of civilization, of Catholicism, in a word, the cause of Christ. You have from the beginning grasped the real point at issue: it is a war of religion, a war of Christian civilization; it is a struggle of two cultures, that of Moscow and that of Christ.

The government of Franco is very grateful to the Catholics of the whole world, who, from the beginning of the war, have placed themselves on the side of the bishops, priests, religious and the Catholic laity of Spain.

We who have spent fourteen months in Red territory—where the pseudo-legal government with its president, Azaña, tyrannizes, reduces to slavery, and assassinates—are in a better position to understand how matters really stand. All that has been said of the Spanish Reds falls far short of the reality. They are not men; they are savage beasts. The better and the best, they have assassinated. The works of art they have burned. They have not done more simply because they could not do more. They are not men; they are a savage horde, breathing destruction and extermination.

For these reasons, our gratitude to the Catholics of the whole world—saving some disgraceful exceptions—is very great. Among the publications which have always viewed the Spanish question with objectivity, impartiality and calmness, is your publication, THE SIGN. We have also been well treated by the English magazine, *The Cross*. To all, we are very grateful and obligated.

From the little I have written in *El Pasionario* in the January issue and in one of the other issues, you will have learned of the fate of our religious in Santander. Nothing whatever has been left to us. Of the church and monastery there remain only the walls and these are in very wretched condition. We have not an altar, not a statue, not a book of any kind. (We have lost all the copies of our magazine, and also the copies of THE SIGN, which we had saved from the beginning.)

SANTANDER, SPAIN.

FR. JULIO, C.P.

SYMPATHIES OF MINISTERS AND SECULAR PRESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

By what circus clown's mental gymnastics can some Protestant ministers and preachers of the Christian religion align themselves with the anti-God persecution of Russia? How can Rabbis, too, believers in God, join with Communism and its propaganda, so anti-God, anti-civilization and anti-culture? How can the Catholic Press obtain the truth about Communism in the Soviet, Mexico and Spain and so fearlessly publish it, when the gigantic public press with its elaborate setup of highly paid journalists, editors, reporters, etc., is two years behind the Catholic news with Spanish war truth, and years slower and far behind the Catholic Church with its verified predictions of Marxian philosophical applications. You would think with the boasted modernness of the public press it could beat the Catholic Press to first base in getting the truth of such great situations and events. Or is it a case of knowing the truth, but the public press owners and editors censoring it, in order unethically to bear false witness against the Christ-guaranteed indomitable Catholic Church?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

READER.

A PROTESTANT COUNTRY?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Though the subject has been noticed in several of our Catholic weeklies, I should like to remark on Dorothy Thompson's rebuke to Mrs. Charles Feehan, who dared to criticize Mrs. Roosevelt for her plebeian reaction to the "boycott" of babies by American women. She takes occasion to remind Americans that "this is a Protestant country," and infers that Catholics have no right to protest against wild and woolly ideas which are more in line with atheistic Naturalism than they are with the Mind of Christ.

Is Dorothy Thompson prepared to furnish evidence that this is a Protestant country—more than it is non-Christian country? Is she equipped with evidence to show that positive and distinctive Christianity in America is more impressively Protestant in its influence than it is Catholic? For instance, America is subconsciously suspicious that a Catholic-sponsored "Legion of Decency" influences America more than does Protestant-sponsored "Prohibitions." Also, we challenge her to prove that the Catholic churches of America do not cater to more Christians on the Lord's Day than all of the Protestant houses of worship combined—to have

their religious consciences directed, pruned and cultivated, as well as to worship their Creator-Conservor.

These are two leading, provocative thoughts on the thesis that "this is a Protestant country." If she were as much behind the scenes as she is behind the times in this matter, she would more correctly say: "This was a Protestant country."

Secondly, she makes a gross misstatement of a well-known fact when she says that the entire group of Protestant churches recognize or accept divorce on Christian grounds. This isn't even a half-truth. It is scarcely one per cent of the truth. Will she name all the Protestant sects that advocate a different view of divorce than what the Biblical Christ advocates?

Demagogy is not of the essence of Christian Democracy. Reverence is, especially in women.

CARLTON, MINN.

MAURICE O'CONNOR.

READING FOR PHILIPPINE ARMY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have read many requests for Catholic literature in the pages of your very fine magazine and I wonder if the good people of America may not be rather over-taxed in supplying the demand. The best way to satisfy this wonderment is to make a test. May it not be possible that an appeal from the faraway Philippines will strike a responsive chord somewhere and thus render a great service to the thousands of young lads in the Philippine Army?

We have just organized the Chaplain Service of the Philippine Army. The particular work of the Chaplains is to care for the 40,000 trainees doing their compulsory military training. Each year we have a new group. We find that the vast majority have little or no instruction in their religion and a very slight percentage have made their First Communion.

The Chaplains, all native Philipinos, are begging me for literature in English and I simply must serve them. There are no funds available for this purpose and so I make bold to appeal to our zealous people at home to send me whatever reading matter they can. I shall gladly distribute among the Chaplains whatever the friends of *THE SIGN* might send.

Please address all mail to me in care of Chaplain Service.

PHILIPPINE ARMY HEADQUARTERS,

MANILA,

FR. EDWIN RONAN, C.P.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. Chief of Chaplain Service, P.A.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND "CONTINUITY"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have a serious grievance to ventilate—the complaint of a very busy man. Of all the magazines that come to this office, *THE SIGN* makes the heaviest inroad on my time, so full is it of matter which must be read.

Having made that complaint, let me turn to another not so weighty. On page 555 of your April, 1938, issue, the first answer to a correspondent says towards the end: "The Church of England, therefore, cannot trace its history further back than the schism under Henry VIII." If that were the fact, dear Father, thousands of Anglicans would jump for joy. They want nothing better than to be acknowledged to be the descendants of a church forced into schism by the civil authority; whereas the whole efforts of Catholic apologists are directed to proving that, since the Marian Church was restored to full Catholic status by Cardinal Pole, the Elizabethan church, which

suppressed and supplanted it, was a *purely civil creation*, possessing neither Orders nor jurisdiction, nor anything but a few fragments of true doctrine, and the material possession and "legal" status of the old religion, with a certain number, gradually diminishing, of properly ordained priests. All its new "Bishops" were invalidly consecrated, except the Henrician Bishop Kitchin, who died without ordaining anyone. So the date of the Elizabethan settlement, which usurped the canonical status of the Catholic Church in England, is 1559. The growing claim to continuity amongst the modern Anglicans necessitates this fact being kept prominent.

I take the liberty of enclosing a paper I wrote in *The Month* in November, 1933, devoted to making clear this very point.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

REV. JOSEPH KEATING, S. J.,

Editor of *The Month*.

Editor's Note: Father Keating's excellent paper has been re-published by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, in a pamphlet entitled *Anglicanism Merely a Schism?*, which those who are interested in this question are urged to obtain and study.

BRILLE TRANSCRIPTION FROM THE SIGN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am pleased to renew my subscription to your interesting and valuable magazine. It was through a letter in your columns that I was inspired to take up Braille work and in the last three years I have prepared for the Xavier Library in New York hand-transcribed copies of nearly all the stories appearing in *THE SIGN*—splendid pictures of conditions in Spain, China, Mexico, Russia, as well as the lighter fiction to offset the one-sided views found in the newspapers and radio today.

I also pass on my magazines to a missionary priest who uses them in preparing his talks.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

REGINA McDONNELL.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.V.K., Pittsburgh, Pa.; J.J.C., Trenton, N.J.; K.D., Elizabeth, N.J.; M.P.F., McKeesport, Pa.; M.M.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.D.R., Arlington, Va.; A.M.E., Augusta, Ga.; M.F.M., Dickinson Centre, N.Y.; S.E.N., New Kensington, Pa.; M.D.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.G., Bronx, N.Y.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; K.M.M., Boston, Mass.; M.B., New York, N.Y.; G.F.B., New York, N.Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Mother, M.V.K., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Our Immaculate Mother, St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus, St. Joseph, D.M.F., Pleasantville, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Holy Family, Holy Apostles, Souls in Purgatory, J.J.C., Trenton, N.J.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Narbeth, Pa.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.D.R., Arlington, Va.; Gemma Galgani, L.M.A., South Pasadena, Calif.; Souls in Purgatory, E.S.D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Blessed Trinity, M.S., Paterson, N.J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, Poor Souls, C.S., Cleveland, O.; Poor Souls, M.G., Quincy, Mass.; Blessed Gemma, M.F., Detroit, Mich.; Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, St. Francis Xavier, F.W., Pelham, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; M.D.C., Roxbury, Mass.; P.L., Bronx, N.Y.; M.E.P.R., Middletown, Ky.; P.F.B., Medford, Mass.; E.H., Newark, N.J.; K.S., Woodcliff, N.J.; A.J.W., Chicago, Ill.; N.B., Cleveland, O.

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY

• **SPEAKING** before the Economic Club in New York, William Allen White expressed some truths which it will be well for Americans to consider:

The problem of the common man, the man perhaps endowed a grade or two below the common standard, has created the unrest and unbalance which is threatening the peace of the world. Two things in America have given this man power—the common schools and the ballot box. He sees his problem through a glass darkly. He follows demagogues who promise him to solve his problem by panaceas, by some sort of legal ukase, by tearing down the social structure, by all sorts of weird devices that will not work. It is so easy to say, for it is true, that in the machine age we can produce enough for everyone. But it is not true that this can be done automatically. It cannot be done quickly. Indeed, without organizing brains of the first order, the job is unworkable. And until some plan is devised for a workable ideal of justice in our industrial relations, the problem will remain unsolved. Always the danger is present that in emergency the crying needs of the hour, the suffering of the unblessed and underprivileged will create an emotional stress that will throw a majority of the people into a destructive emotional hysteria. They are liable to strike out on shortcuts, to forget the ordered ways, to trade their own liberties for the security of their unfortunate brethren. Thus came the tyrants to Europe from Moscow to Rome. The people of the United States are not immune to epidemic unreason.

ON BOASTING

• **HILAIRE BELLOC** gives some advice on the art of boasting in "The Tablet" of London:

Again, it is a refined, a civilized form of boasting, to mix it with a proper dose of affection. For instance, you want to impress your audience with the wealth of your family and the consequent magnitude of the palace (or country house, as it is called) which it built for itself just after it had first captured the swag. You bring into all you say a tone of the love you bear to the old place; your reminiscences of childhood; your tenderness for its every detail: the blue drawing-room, the little drawing-room, ballroom, your father's study, and the fine old table which you have always heard came from the Walpoles (though it is true you do not pretend to have proof of that—it is only a family tradition), the lovely mellow light on the old brick of the big kitchen garden, the stables, which are in the manner of Sir Christopher Wren, the quaint lodges, the skill with which your great-grandfather disguised these last in the Gothic manner of the early nineteenth century—and this you gently ridicule. Then there is the view over the lake, which was not used at first as a lake but was a millpond until a little after the '45, and that magnificent changing outline of Ben Machlin, or Pen-y-Gwilt, or Mt. Haberdash, or whatever it is. Nor will you fail to point out that the place is happily so far removed from Badleigh Abbey as not to be overshadowed and dwarfed

by that neighborhood. It will go hard if before this kind of thing is over the full effect of the boasting has not soaked in.

A REMARKABLE OFFER

• **A** RATHER remarkable offer is contained in the following, which is taken from "Paper and Press":

Harry Lang, of Evansville, Ind., who owns a solvent corporation that manufactures lubricants and that controls a floorwax firm and four gasoline stations in a New York Sun story offers to give away his business—to anyone who will pay him in salary for five years what he now pays in taxes. His total tax bill in 1938 will be \$30,000, equal to twenty per cent of his gross and more than his total capitalization. Indiana State gross income tax, social-security tax, personal-property tax, gasoline tax, net income tax, corporation tax, capital-stock tax, truck-wheel tax, and chain store tax. Lang says he has written President Roosevelt, giving him the first chance, because he figures he is working for the government anyway.

A CONVERT ON CATHOLICS

• **A** CONVERT's view of Catholics is given by John Moody in "The Fun of Being a Catholic," in the "Catholic World":

It has been said—and judging from my own experience I think it is true—that the thoroughly seasoned state of the typical convert-Catholic is not reached until he has been in the Church from six to ten years. When he came in, he quite innocently assumed that all Catholics were very much alike—especially in the matter of defending their Faith on every possible occasion, and never for any reason whatever keeping it under cover. He thought all other Catholics were like himself—militant, aggressive, perhaps pugnacious. But after his acquaintance has widened, after the novelty has worn off, and after he has mixed more or less with the Catholic population, he makes the important discovery that Catholics are only human beings after all. He will surely find saints among them; he will find some as aggressive and militant as himself, or even more so; but he will also discover many other types—and as a result of some of these discoveries his Catholic belief in the doctrine of the Fall will likely become firmer than ever!

DANGEROUS SENTIMENTALISM

• **SPEAKING** at the annual meeting of the American Council of Education, Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, took occasion to point out some of the cults that destroy. We select his remarks on one of these from "Vital Speeches of the Day":

Sentimentalism is an irrational desire to be helpful to one's fellow-men. It sometimes appears as an ingratiating and even a redeeming quality in those who can-

not or will not think. But the sentimentalist is really a dangerous character. He distrusts the intellect, because it might show him he is wrong. He believes in the primacy of the will, and this is what makes him dangerous. You don't know what you ought to want; you don't know why you want what you want. But you do know that you want it. This easily develops into the notion that since you want it, you ought to have it. You are a man of good will, and your opponents by definition are not. Since you ought to have what you want, you should get it if you have the power; and here the journey from the man of good will to Hitler is complete.

A "SLIGHT" EXAGGERATION

• **UNDER** this title the "Miami News" humorously (?) refers to its editorial comment on a false report of General Juan Yague's suicide. It is illuminating to learn that the paper has not changed its opinions of Franco's military tactics:

A week or so ago we published an editorial entitled, "Crimes to Franco," which attracted a considerable amount of complimentary response from readers. The editorial discussed the suicide of the Spanish Insurgent Gen. Juan Yague, who was reported to have been given a revolver and told to use it by General Franco. The inference was that General Yague had displeased the generalissimo by a speech in which he deplored the bombing of civilians and referred to Franco's German and Italian allies as beasts of prey. In the editorial, we pointed out that the execution of a general for expressing humane sentiments was a pretty clear indication of the moral code of his judges.

We have now to admit that our editorial was based upon a false premise. The false premise was nothing less than the suicide itself. According to an up-to-date dispatch from the front by William P. Carney, *New York Times* correspondent:

Gen. Juan Yague is in charge of the Balaguer defense forces and asserts his fortifications, extending fanwise for a radius of four miles, have not been altered in the slightest degree by the Republicans' furious attacks . . . He tearfully denies now that he was arrested or reprimanded by General Franco for a recent speech. "There is no more truth in that," he says "than there is in the report, that I committed suicide the other day."

Although we haven't changed our opinion of Franco's military tactics, we feel the publication of this correction is only fair to both Franco and Yague. It is also valuable as another warning to us not to be too hasty in believing everything we read and hear in wartime. That was a failing which cost us dearly in 1917, and could do so again.

"MERRIE ENGLAND"

• **PROFOUNDLY** true are the reasons given by Daniel Sargent in his "Thomas More" for the gaiety that existed in what was once called "Merrie England":

It is many generations now since men have been talking about and looking back to, an England, a lost England, "Merrie England." In that England people wore gay colors, they danced, they sang "hey nonney, nonney," as we only make ourselves fools when we try to sing it. There may be conceivably some economic historians who imagine that England was "Merrie Eng-

land" simply because the poor had enough to eat, and because fields and cities were lovelier than they are now. People really do not dance merely because they have enough potatoes. They dance because God has given them enough potatoes. If God-less Russia became well fed, it would not thereby become Merrie Russia, but merely well-fed Russia. "Merrie England" was merry because it had a sense of security, at times often even a too great sense of security, and it derived that sense from the Spirituality, a government which could not fall no matter what were the shortcomings of its officials. Trust in the Spirituality made peasants dance. It made intellectuals dance, too; the former with their legs, the latter with their thoughts. It gave More a freedom to laugh even at good things: (such could not be shaken). It was the cause of all revelry, even of too much revelry. It gave to Wolsey his too-long train of velveted followers, his self-indulgence, but also, too, his death-bed repentance.

BRITISH TRAIN-STOPPERS

• **SOME** of the reasons why British travelers pull the communication cord to stop trains are related in the "New York Times":

Every year on the British railways about 200 passengers stop trains by pulling the communication cord. In the great majority of cases they do so as a result of genuine distress, such as sudden illness or accident. In other cases they incur the "penalty for improper use"—\$25. The most common offenders are persons who have boarded the wrong trains or been carried past their stations.

On one occasion an elderly woman was leaning out of a compartment window calling good-bye to friends. As the train moved off, she leaned out further and further. As she was shouting her last and loudest good-bye her false teeth dropped out, and she immediately pulled the communication cord in order to retrieve them.

About sixty years ago an aged woman pulled the cord and ordered the guard sternly to tell the driver he was going too fast.

"ALL-INCLUSIVE" RELIGION

• **ONE** Protestant Episcopal rector provides his congregation with a choice of religious services, according to the "Christian Century." An example of the "all-inclusive" spirit, no doubt:

Rev. Anthony R. Parshley of St. Michael's Church, Bristol, R. I., who is also canon of the Cathedral of St. John in Providence, described to the Universal Club of Brown University his experiment in holding three types of worship, the high mass of the Anglo-Catholic, the morning prayer and sermon of the low churchman and a non-liturgical evening meeting. The step is more significant because he returned from the General Convention last fall, convinced that there is a strong disposition to liberalize and recognize the validity of different forms. The rector of the Anglo-Catholic parish had retired and its property had been condemned for the building of a school. The people proved ready to accept the different types and to listen to "nonconformist speakers," including a Unitarian, who gave "the undiluted message" of his faith. There was the "inevitable accompaniment of sermon tasting, but no objections as to doctrines and orders."

BOOKS

Addresses and Sermons

by MOST REV. AMLETO GIOVANNI
CICOGNANI

This attractive volume of addresses and sermons by the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, the Most Reverend Archbishop Cicognani, illustrates vividly how truly versatile and energetic is its brilliant author. Despite the countless demands of an exalted office His Excellency offers the clergy and laity a collection of discourses which merits an enthusiastic response, not only because of the clarity of thought contained therein, but because of the direct manner of its presentation. All the noteworthy public utterances of the writer since his appointment as Apostolic Delegate on March 17th, 1933, are contained in this instructive volume, beginning with the sermon delivered before a large American audience at the national church of Santa Susanna in Rome.

The learned author's treatment of many much-discussed topics deserves especial attention because of the key position which he holds in the United States and the close contact he enjoys with the Vatican. Indeed, the mind of Pope Pius XI is easily discernible in his Delegate's terse expression of Catholic principles. This fact is most obvious when the sermons treat of Catholic Action, Christian Marriage, the Church in the United States as well as in all the ramifications of these subjects. Considered from this viewpoint the book merits careful reading on the part of both clergy and laity who wish to know the mind of the Vicar of Christ.

Although there is an abundance of thought-provoking material in these pages, three discourses in particular show the scholarly prelate at his best, namely the sermons on Christ the Redeemer, Charity and the Mass, and The Christian Home. These compositions testify to the profundity of the writer's thought and the quality of his expression. Apropos of his direct method of presentation, a perusal of the talks given at the marriage ceremonies of members of several prominent families indicates how forcefully yet graciously he

Any book noticed here or any book you wish can be bought from The Sign. Add ten per cent of price for postage

brings to the attention of all the Catholic concept of marriage, thus amply demonstrating how superior Christian doctrine is to the poetic and often inane speech often heard on such occasions.

The compiler, Rev. Joseph M. O'Hara, Ph.D., of Chester, Pa., is worthy of generous praise for his zeal in preparing this volume, and the publishers are to be congratulated on its pleasing format.

Benziger Bros., N. Y. \$2.50.

Death Solves Nothing

by MARGARET SOTHERN

A novel which dramatizes the human values of Christianity, Communism and Fascism as the living of these doctrines relates them to the life of a heroine is indeed an unusual, not to say an original effort. But such appears to be the motif of *Death Solves Nothing*.

Sophia Von Kotulinska is introduced on the eve of her departure from Paris. She deserts its freedom and the hypnotic spell of an aristocrat of the spirit strangely turned Communist—Fiodor Ivanovich—who is enamored of her. A change in *mise en scène* locates Sophia in modern Germany where the well-being of an aged and ailing mother demands her presence and the slender rewards of her services as a somewhat inexperienced typist in a munitions factory. Seethings of rebellion did not simmer down into the resigned meekness and predictability of a robot. They stirred a rebellion which developed into a career of secret service with the Communists.

Sophia used position and charm to destroy a fetish of government she hated; a fetish of government which had robbed her of security by robbing her father's life and her family fortune, and had destroyed what was more sacred still—the life of her mother by precipitating her death. Secret documents were discreetly stolen or copied and handed over to

her ardent admirer, Fiodor. The secrecies of diplomacy and war, blueprints of improved weapons of war and death, were her quarry; pompous puppets clad in a little brief authority were her toys; her tools were her position and her startling and compelling charm. But success is a measurable quantity, and when the measure of her success reached the breaking point pursuit and possession of secret documents forced flight.

If there be any solutions in *Death Solves Nothing* the solutions are indeed personal to the major characters, Sophia and Fiodor. The specific intent is an indication that persons acquainted with the employments of higher freedoms cannot force themselves to become whelps of a totalitarian circus master nor satisfy the needs of heart and spirit in the bestiality, the naked materialism and the blatant atheism of a potentially apostolic Communism.

But *Death Solves Nothing* is an interesting and intriguing novel. It is a novel with a message. It is recommended with mild enthusiasm.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$2.50.

Confirmation in the Modern World

by MATTHIAS LAROS. Translated by
GEORGE SAYER

A timely book, and one that will enjoy a long run of timeliness. The author presents the modern world as the vineyard, men of Catholic Action as the workers, Confirmation as the sacrament of adult Catholicity, the grace of this sacrament as the leaven that gives maturity to every Member of Christ.

An early statement is startling, because true. In spite of all the hue and cry about Catholic Action, little attention is paid to the *Sacrament of Catholic Action*, the most neglected of sacraments, the little-heeded Sacrament of Confirmation. With a masterful touch, the author sounds the dominant note of his work, when he stresses the total quality of Catholic Action as *divine-human*. "By Catholic Action, we carry on in our own place and time what Jesus began to do and to

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teach.' It can be done only in Christ's way and by the power of Christ's Spirit."

Because "God hath set His seal upon us," by the indelible character of Confirmation, we are "marked men"—a priesthood of whom the Holy Ghost has definite expectations. Every member of Christ's Supernatural, or Mystical Body, has the privileged obligation of contributing to the triumph of that Christ Who is not complete without us. Hence, the normal Christian is ambitious for self-sanctification, likewise for the increase and health of the entire Body Mystical. And what Pentecost meant to the early Church, Confirmation still accomplishes for every individual, provided he "extinguish not the Spirit."

In a generous discussion of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the author presents them as a "temptation that a man of faith cannot resist." The transforming Gifts are not merely divine valuables, stored deep and inaccessible within the Church's treasury. Rather, the Gifts await circulation among all normal-minded, normal-hearted Christians. But without this vitalization, the life of the soul is anemic, peace and joy are below par.

Enthusiastically, we recommend this book unreservedly. The author has given us a masterpiece—thorough, stimulating, readable. It should have a special appeal for study-club groups, for adult converts about to be confirmed.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$2.00.

Pius XI—Apostle of Peace

by LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF

It is usually very rash to pick out one trait or one achievement of an individual and set it up as the explanation of his whole life. In the case of Pope Pius XI, however, there does seem to be one characteristic which clearly portrays the man himself and all that he has tried to accomplish. We have but to consider him as an Apostle of Peace—and in that picture is included the whole vast scope of his accomplishments.

The world of our day has stood in desperate need of all the help that Pius XI has been able to bring to it. An unending succession of problems has been presented to him for solution, each demanding his immediate and most careful attention. The world has stood in deepest admiration of the charity and wisdom with which he has met these demands, and the prestige of the Papacy and its power for good have been greatly

increased. No one can compute the achievements of Pius within the Church and outside the Church. He has worked to perfect the relations between Church and State; he has consecrated some of his best efforts to the task of spreading the Faith, and conferring upon all men the peace which the Church offers to men of good will. One cannot reckon the deep effect Pius XI has had upon our own generation; much less can one compute the influence that his actions will have upon the generations to come.

Mrs. Browne-Olf has portrayed well the character and accomplishments of Pope Pius XI. She makes one realize just how vital an influence Pius XI has proven himself to be in these our times. She presents a work that is interesting, instructive, and extremely worthwhile.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

The Society of the Sacred Heart in North America

by LOUISE CALLAN, A.M., Ph.D.

The beginnings of the Society of the Sacred Heart in the United States form an arresting chapter in the history of the trans-Mississippi frontier, while the story of its rapid growth and expansion in later years is a grand tribute to the ability and soundness of these apostles of Christian female education. Their journey from St. Charles on the Missouri—the first little American foundation—to Maryville, Manhattanville and Duchesne Colleges, was traveled amidst hardships and difficulties. But these were surmounted by courage and loving devotion to duty, engendered by close association with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. While the volume is of prime interest to members of the Community and to those whom they have educated, a more widespread clientele will be found amongst those who seek a detailed knowledge of American pioneer life. The numerous letters included, written between America and France, sparkle with striking incidents, which are at once interesting and instructive.

The Society had its birth in the year 1800 in France, when the Revolution had swept away "every trace of Christian education." Saint Madeleine Louise Sophie Barat, foundress, realized the necessity of stemming the paganism of the times by instructing the rising generation, and understood so well that "education involved preparation for complete living in the truest sense of the word." After the Napoleonic Con-

cordat of 1802, spiritual advance was rapid in France, and the Society kept abreast of it. The first Community came to our shores in 1818, under the supervision of Mother Philippine Duchesne, "... the mission country's greatest pioneer."

The authoress reveals a love of exact scholarship, typical of her Community, and covers her field adequately. And yet the style is not strained and the story is told with an ease that will delight any reader.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$5.00.

Our Blessed Lady

by C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

Here is another typically Martindale book from that tireless English convert. One wonders where he finds time to gather all the excellent matter, and to edit it. Of course, there is no denying that the very mass of his output has taken its toll of his style. It would be quite impossible to write so prolifically without becoming somewhat journalese.

The question is whether he should produce less, giving us just so much, but presented with the literary quality of some of his earlier works, or whether he should give us all he has to say, even though this means some slight sacrifice in style. There are arguments for both views. I should like to emphasize that no matter how much he writes, he has something striking to say, and we should like to have it all, with literary grace or without.

Certainly, in this book on Our Lady, his leisurely, informal, conversational presentation of some age-old themes imparts a warmth and a sense of nearness to what he has to say.

It is a unique book on the Mother of God, first elucidating the dogmatic aspects of the subject, and then taking you to the concrete evidences of Mary's hold on the hearts of men and women in every part of the world, that is, to her famous and not so famous Shrines. You stand in her sanctuaries at Chartres, Paris, Florence, Lourdes, Walsingham and in others fraught with charm and memories.

Father Martindale gives you his interpretation of Our Lady's character as reflected in the Gospels, an interesting account of the women who typified her in the Old Testament, commentary on the art upon which she has left her impress, and references to the influence she has had upon those who have lived after her.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

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Spotlights on Matters Spiritual

by REV. WINFRID HERBST, S.D.S.

Most of the twenty-seven chapters of this book deal with such matters of the faith as have immediate value for the sanctification and the salvation of the soul, namely, the end of man, Heaven, Hell, death, prayer and the sacraments. But even other papers that are on subjects more purely doctrinal emphasize significant moral issues.

Both in matter and style the treatment is very free and informal, as becomes compositions that are intended chiefly for the popular mind. Hence the author lays hold on the core of the subject in hand, neglecting the less essential elements that might obscure the main points at issue. Both in matter and manner there is a note of deep conviction and the unction of a persuasive counsellor who seeks to promote the soul's highest good. Keeping his eye constantly on the practical, the author deduces and expounds practical conclusions, thus giving solutions for concrete problems on which the souls of men need light and encouragement in the no less important than difficult art of leading a genuine Christian life.

A very worthwhile feature of the book is the series of meditations and conferences for a three days' retreat printed at the end. This will make the book more welcome as well as more serviceable to those religious and layfolk who, being prevented from making a retreat in common under a retreat master, are forced to seek the rich fruits of the spiritual exercises in the solitude and prayer of a private retreat.

Frederick Pustet, N. Y. \$2.25.

The Life of Father Francis Jordan

by FATHER PANCRATIUS PFEIFFER. Translated by REV. WINFRID HERBST, S.D.S.

The vocation to the priesthood of Francis Jordan (1848-1918), a skilled artisan of Gurtweil, a little village in Baden, Germany, was a belated vocation that matured under an unusually stern régime of hard study, solitude, prayer and unrelenting self-discipline during college and university course, seminary life and post-graduate study in Rome. It was while living in Rome after his ordination that Father Jordan felt the call to something more than the routine work of the priesthood. An inspiration that would not down but became more imperative with the

years led him to undertake the arduous task of founding an institute to aid in reviving the waning Catholic faith of the proletariat of Europe and in bringing that faith to the heathen through the zealous dissemination of Catholic doctrine. With this end in view two affiliated societies, the congregation of the Salvatorian Fathers and that of the Salvatorian Sisters, were eventually established by dint of the labors, prayers and sufferings of Father Jordan and of his little band of associates.

Through many painful vicissitudes the two institutes attained a surprisingly rapid and vigorous growth. At the time of the Founder's death in 1918, several countries of Europe, as well as of North and South America and the Orient, had flourishing branches from the parent tree which he had planted in the sacred soil of the Eternal City.

Because of a certain lack of literary form and finish, the book creates the impression in the reader's mind that the author did not make the most of the opportunity his subject offered him. Nevertheless one lays the book aside with distinct satisfaction at having read it, because it is a truly edifying story of a noble character who dedicated all the resources of mind and heart and soul to fruitful work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Society of the Divine Saviour Press.

Anglicanism in Transition

by REV. FR. HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

The Established Church of England will celebrate its four hundredth anniversary during the year 1938. Quite naturally attention will be directed towards its history and comment will be rife about its future.

Humphrey Johnson publishes this account of the transition of Anglicanism at a most opportune time. He has studied England's Church dogmatically and historically. Before he was ordained a Catholic priest and before he became a member of the Oratory of Birmingham, he had lived old-fashioned Anglo-ecclesiasticism, been introduced to the Broad Church viewpoints and had made the acquaintance of Modernism. Intellectually alert, he writes with the knowledge of realization as well as the knowledge of mere information. His writings radiate his thoroughly English spirit, and the earlier experiences of his life have evidently left their traces on his present outlook. The Catholic really wanting to

know something about Anglicanism, on becoming acquainted with this study will feel that he could scarcely do better than spend a few hours with the work. Incidentally, he will get a fresh viewpoint on some of the angles from which he has already seen the English Church. Seminarians and professors in the seminary will perhaps be the group of Catholics for whom this book will have the most appeal.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$2.25.

Mary's Part in Our Redemption

By CANON GEORGE D. SMITH, Ph.D., D.D.

The object of this book, as the title suggests, is to bring out the nature and extent of the rôle played by Mary the Mother of Jesus in the redemption of mankind. The nature and extent of Mary's co-operation in the redemption are studied by Canon Smith in the light of the Epistles of St. Paul and the theological teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas. Because of her intimate and effective rôle in the redemption, Mary is entitled to be called "Co-redemptrix" (some prefer Co-redemptress), though, of course, in a secondary sense. Her motherhood of Jesus, the man-God, makes her the mother of those who make up His mystical body, or the Church.

This exalted dignity, together with her co-operation in the redemption, give to her petitions a quasi-infinite efficacy. As Jesus was exalted above the heavens and rewarded with a unique glory, so Mary because of her sacrificial rôle and her ardent love of God merited a title and glory above that of every other mere creature. A further consequence of her unique co-operation in the redemption is the dispensation of all graces through Mary. The Redeemer having come to men through Mary's willing and loving consent, it is fitting that the graces won by Jesus should be dispensed among men through her. The theological foundation of this teaching and the nature and extent of its exercise are well treated here. It is important to note that this teaching is gaining more and more adherents and the expressions used in relation to it are becoming more and more definite, especially in the pronouncements of the Roman Pontiffs.

This study is recommended as a solid and convincing proof of the Catholic doctrine regarding the unique part played by Mary in the redemption and the results following on her co-operation with Jesus. De-

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votion to Mary will be enriched when it is built upon such foundations as are here provided.

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George Washington's Associations with the Irish

by MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, LL.D.

In a book entitled, *The Conquest of a Continent*—written by Madison Grant, the author maintains as history that there were no South Irish Catholics in America during the Revolution. The present volume by Dr. O'Brien is a conclusive and unanswerable refutation of this assertion. From unimpeachable records such as land grants, bills of sale, etc. and from such authorities as the Father of the Country himself, Dr. O'Brien proves clearly and decidedly that not only were there South Irish Catholics in the country, but that the same Irish played an important part in the winning of freedom from England and also in the formation of a country out of the chaos that followed the Revolutionary War.

Dr. O'Brien marshals his facts convincingly and backs them up with authentic historical records. His deep

interest in and clear knowledge of his subject are manifested throughout the book. Of particular interest to many of us of this day is the account of the personal relations—cordial and friendly—between George Washington and the Irish Catholics of his day. This book will be of especial interest to students of Irish history, to Catholics who are proud of the fine accomplishments of their forbears and to students of early American history.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, N. Y. \$2.50.

The Prayers of the Missal Vol. II—The Offertory Prayers and the Post Communions

by C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

Knowledge and love have consorted together in the soul of Father Martindale and have begotten this latest of his literary children. The knowledge gave the matter; the love gave the inspiration.

First the author gives the prayers in English, taking each of the seasons and feasts separately. Then he proceeds to give in brief meditations the dominant moods and sentiments which should flow into the Christian heart from a consideration of these prayers. The different doctrines of the feasts are surrounded with many of the traditions of earlier days and form the basis of an intelligent appreciation of the Mass. Though never intruding upon the quiet surface of his writing in the form of subtle conclusions, the whole of Catholic Theology reposes in the depths of this little book, which is more doctrinal than devotional.

Above all things else the author would have the people understand that the Mass belongs as much to the people as it does to the priest. The Mass is their affair. The priest is merely the minister of the people whose office it is to negotiate for them in those things which pertain to God. He would have them understand also that first things should come first in life. No essential change has come into human life from the political, economic, and moral disorder existing in the world. These things must always be, in varying degrees of intensity, until the world crumbles back into the chaos from which it came. We must always struggle against these evils but we must for this very reason fix our hearts more firmly than ever on those better things which are the end and purpose of it all. Father Martindale's book is an instructive treatise on these better things.

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Public Funds for Church and Private Schools

by REV. RICHARD J. GABLE, S.T.D., Ph.D.,
The Catholic University, Brookland, D. C.

Doctor Gable had the courage, ability, and all the other wherewiths to trace the history of public aid for private schools and for religious education from colonial days to the present time. And he has presented this very valuable study intelligibly so that it is of tremendous worth to the leaders of thought and action, as regards the problem of public aid for private and religious schools.

One of the foremost controverted issues in American educational history has been governmental aid. The early American tradition was that of public recognition of schools under private and religious auspices. Today, there seems to exist a definite trend back to that tradition. To those interested in the problem, Doctor Gable has furnished worthwhile aid.

Specifically, he has traced some of the causes which evoked the reversal of the original attitude of the government towards non-public schools. He distinguishes three types of institutions: first, those which were considered sectarian, because they adhered to the propagation of the dogma of a specific church; secondly, those which were totally or partially under church control though they professed to be non-sectarian; thirdly, other private schools which were not affiliated with any church group.

Special attention is given to the attitude toward religion in general and the spirit of hostility toward private schools manifested by the protagonists of public education. Some aim at the exclusion of the sectarian school only; others oppose any institution that is church owned or controlled; and the other group would reserve public support to the publicly owned and controlled schools.

Recent events have brought matters to a head in several states, particularly in New York, where a court decision declared that public funds might not be used for providing transportation for parochial school children. Much useful data for understanding problems of this kind will be found in this book.

Such a scholarly work deserves consideration from those whose duty it is to deal with the problem involved. It is to be hoped that it will be brought to the attention of those able to utilize the thought and data presented. To the author our hearty congratulations and may he be blessed with the knowledge that he has done good work for the cause of our Catholic educational system.

SHORTER NOTES

TWENTY-ONE SAINTS, by ALOYSIUS CROFT (Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.50) gives brief sketches of just that many saints. Due to their brevity these sketches have no great details of the lives of their subjects. But that is not the intention of the author. He attempts and succeeds very well in portraying the outstanding characteristics of his heroes and as a consequence leaves a well defined idea of their lives and work. The book has been written for boys in the hope that it will make them see in the saints real human beings who always fought for God and the Church in a great variety of circumstances and so are worthy not only of admiration but also of imitation. In the best sense of the word this is an inspirational book.

THE STORY OF ALASKA, by C. L. ANDREWS (The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, \$4.00). *The Story of Alaska* is a book well worth having and reading. This re-edition of an earlier work which was considered the best on the subject is most welcome. Its authoritative character enhances the pleasure of the narrative of one of the most romantic spots under the Stars and Stripes. Ever since we acquired this territory, there have been those who were unfriendly toward it. The statistics and the photographs in abundance do much to convince those who need to be convinced that Alaska is a place that our tourist-minded people would do well to visit and that many of those who are looking for a land of prospects for money making on the family and corporation scale would do well to ponder.

HOW TO LOVE GOD AS ST. THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS LOVED HIM, by PÈRE MARTIN (Burns, Oates & Washburne, London, \$1.00).

Coming from the pen of Père Martin, we can be sure that this book presents the true doctrine of Little Therese. His previous book, *La Petite Voie d'Enfance Spirituelle*, received the approbation of the sisters of the Little Flower, who saw in it the expression of the true sentiments of their sister.

This second book, so to speak, supplements the first. It makes practical the application of the doctrine of the Little Way to individual souls. Throughout there is the solid foundation of Christian mysticism. The principles of the spiritual life are clearly set forth, illustrated by the teaching of Therese. For Therese is a

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The translation by Father Eugene A. Maguire is well done, and reads smoothly. It may be regretted that the title was not made shorter and more popular, but we feel sure that this will not prevent the public, which thirsts for wholesome, sound and appealing spiritual reading, from perusing this eminently solid and inspiring volume.

THE DAUGHTERS OF DOMINIC ON LONG ISLAND, by EUGENE J. CRAWFORD, M.A., (Benziger Bros., New York, \$3.50). Father Crawford has given an interesting and edifying narrative of the blessedly spiritual and serviceable career of the Daughters of St. Dominic on Long Island. He covers with remarkable diligence and success an extensive and crowded field of historical study, appraisal and selection, and presents his findings in no superficially picturesque fashion, but rather with the obvious intention of giving a careful, faithful and true description of the persons, places and happen-

ings which he records. He treats a very important aspect of the history of the diocese of Brooklyn by presenting in panorama the glorious contributions to Catholicity made by the zealous clergy and laity of German stock and origin, and narrates in a most impressive manner the heroic deeds of the pious, humble Daughters of St. Dominic.

HIGHER REALMS, by PAUL FALVURY (Silby & Silby, London, \$.75). In a preface, curiously compound of confidence and diffidence, the author states his preoccupation with religion and the great universal experiences of life expressed in rhythms which blend the metric and the spoken stress. This latter interest and a somewhat dubious question of counterpoint prompt him to take issue with Tennyson—to his own disadvantage. Tennyson, whatever his faults—and they are many—understood the mechanics of versification better than most of his brash young critics.

The poems themselves manifest a painful regularity rather than the promised accentual stress. The universals flow stickily, like an eighteenth century homily, with more than a suggestion of the Wasp of Twickenham sans sting. The language is effete and the rhyme-

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schemes clumsy. When a line has to be grammatically racked to result in the proper jingle, "the one chord we have added to the Greek lyre" snaps in dissonance.

All in all, Mr. Falvury disappoints. Obviously he has taken for exemplar—so many Catholic poets have—the earlier euphuistic Thompson, "who was soon to learn," wrote Alice Meynell, "that these ceremonies of the imagination are chiefly ways of approach, and that there are barer realities beyond and nearer to the centre of poetry itself." Indeed, one poem is palpably a paraphrase of "The Hound of Heaven," exemplifying all Thompson's vices and few of his virtues.

HEART TO HEART, compiled by DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J., (The America Press, New York, \$2.00) is a new kind of prayer book. It is taken entirely from the writings of Cardinal Newman. But it is something unique. The compiler's work is seen principally in the selections and headings. There are many anthologies of the great Cardinal's writings. But now his prayerful, contemplative soul, expressed in limpid English style, has been evoked for the devotion of others. Souls using this book will be strengthened as he was himself in the original prayer. It is essentially a book for thoughtful souls—the laity as well as the clergy and religious.

The excerpts are short. One may take up the book at any page and read it for a few or many minutes, according to devotion or opportunity.

This book need not supplant your book of meditations or your breviary or missal, but it will be a most useful complement to them.

We recommend *Heart to Heart* to all, especially to members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion.

THE CONSOLER, by REV. DAVID P. McASTOCKER, S.J., (Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.75). In this book Father McAstocker writes with appealing simplicity of the Holy Ghost in the rôle of man's Consoler and Sanctifier.

The popular Jesuit author tells of the dignity, the sweetness and the consoling attributes of the Holy Spirit in general, and of His sevenfold gifts and their application to daily life in particular. He points out that in all the vicissitudes of life we have two certain sources of consolation: the promise of the Holy Ghost ever to be with us, and His actual presence within the Church and

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Since so few people, in their personal or private devotions, give a prominent place to the Holy Ghost and thereby deprive their souls of many graces, we earnestly recommend that Father McAstocker's book be read and that it be read slowly and attentively.

LITTLE ST. AGNES, by HELEN WALKER HOMAN (Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., \$1.00). The author of this book is already well known to readers of THE SIGN. Her amusing *Letters to St. Francis* and *By Post to the Apostles* (now available in book form) appeared first in these pages. This narrative of the life and martyrdom of little St. Agnes is the first in a series of Lives of the Saints for children to be published by Longmans, and is also the first juvenile life of St. Agnes ever published. It is written in Mrs. Homan's usual pleasing style—and we believe that it will prove as entertaining to children as her previous works have been to adult readers.

The drawings by a religious of the Congregation of Mary add to the attractiveness of the book.

THE WHITE FATHERS IN AFRICA, by DONALD ATTWATER (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London, \$.75) tells the story of one of the most successful missionary endeavors in modern times. The book opens with a short account of the life of saintly and zealous Cardinal Lavigerie, the founder of the Society of Missionaries of Africa, commonly called the White Fathers because of their white religious garb. Cardinal Lavigerie had a clear idea of the missionary work to be done in Africa and of the methods to be used in this apostolic work. He impressed his ideas on the rule and directions he gave his missionaries.

The success of the White Fathers bears witness that their founder was a man chosen by God to contribute greatly to the spread of His Kingdom upon earth. Without tedious detail, Mr. Attwater gives a thrilling account of the labors of the White Fathers who have dedicated themselves to bringing the good news of Christ to the pagans and Mohammedans of Africa. While telling of the work of the White Fathers, Mr. Attwater does not neglect the part played by the White Sisters, the native clergy and nuns, and the zealous native catechists.

THE RELIGION TEACHERS' LIBRARY (St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$.25), compiled by Fathers Kirsch and Vogel, O. M. Cap., furnishes a "selected annotated list of books, pamphlets and magazines" to aid teachers of Religion in their salutary work. There is a notable omission in the section on "Marriage and the Sex Problem." This *IS Christian Marriage*, published by The Sign Press, which has been called "the layman's encyclopedia of Marriage"

is not mentioned. The *Catholic World* and THE SIGN rate a listing among recommended magazines, but not an annotation!

LITTLE PATRON OF GARDENERS, by CATHERINE BEEBE (Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., \$1.00). Of particular interest to young boys will be the story of St. Fiace—a Saint almost unknown to children of this country. Because he lived in the Seventh Century, before printing presses were invented, very little is known of him. We know, however, that he was the son of an Irish chieftain, and that his early life was an exciting one. There were few Christians in Ireland at that time, and these were fighting constantly against the attacks of the pagans. As a boy Fiace learned to hate war. He did not enjoy games of war, but preferred to spend his time tilling the soil, planting and threshing the grain. In his eighteenth year he left Ireland and entered a monastery in France. He died there in the year 670. Many miracles are said to have taken place in the beautiful garden of the monastery in which he died.

The attractive illustrations by Robb Beebe as well as the simplicity with which the story is told

are an assurance that this book will be well received by juvenile readers.

THE OLD GOSPEL MODERNLY APPLIED, by RIGHT REV. PETER M. H. WYNHOVEN (Hope Haven Press, P. O. Box 988, New Orleans, La., \$1.00) is the second volume of *Sermon Seeds*. The inspiration of his thoughts is the Gospel of Christ as applied by St. John Bosco, who is a modern example of what can be done in the way of reforming society by living according to the doctrine of Christ. The author has a concrete and pungent style and his short homilies offer practical suggestions for preachers. He emphasizes the need of the Negroes for the true faith and social justice.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, by JOSEPHINE QUIRK (Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind., \$1.50). This little book is a collection of eight short stories, each more thrilling than the preceding one.

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The Bleeding Heart of Jesus

THE GRIEF that made Jesus Christ fall into an agony and sweat blood is beyond our human comprehension; but to form some idea of it we may say that what is done in the vintage is precisely the same as what took place mystically in the Garden of Gethsemane. The grape, after being gathered, is thrown into the vat and trodden upon; it is then put under the press, and, the press being moved with violence, the fruit bursts and sends out its juice on every side.

Thus was the Heart of Jesus like a cluster of grapes—most sweet, composed of His Divinity and innocent Humanity, but at the same time full of bitterness from the infinity of black, frightful objects that He had so vividly before Him. Our sins, also, were like a ponderous wine-press. That most tender Heart being then placed under such a weight, which the zeal of the divine justice violently trod, was so pressed and bruised and crushed that through vehemence of grief it discharged blood in all directions, and with such force that it issued from His head, His shoulders, His breast, His hands, His feet, in fact, from all His body, and fell in ruby drops to the ground.

Good Jesus! Who dost suffer and sweat beneath the load of my sins, I desire to imitate Thee by bruising my heart with contrition, and by shedding some few tears of sorrow for my sins in return for the shedding of Thy blood. Merciful Jesus! let Thy mercy be shown unto me and let it comfort me.

Sprinkle me with only one drop of Thy precious blood, for one drop is sufficient to purify, to sanctify, and to save me.

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"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

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All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

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Sacrifices, Sufferings	35,289
Stations of the Cross	25,338
Visits to the Crucifix	17,262
Beads of the Five Wounds	31,952
Offerings of PP. Blood	77,623
Visits to Our Lady	25,067
Rosaries	22,646
Beads of the Seven Dolours	3,630
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,081,433
Hours of Study, Reading	22,903
Hours of Labor	24,150
Acts of Kindness, Charity	21,127
Acts of Zeal	65,045
Prayers, Devotions	231,809
Hours of Silence	24,690
Various Works	110,902
Holy Hours	2

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MRS. ALTER W. C. SIGNEFIELD
MRS. ADAM BLOCKINGER
FRANK HEINEMANN
ROBERT KEATING, SR.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

Putting Expense On the Spot

EXPENSE
Unfulfilled Pledges
Delayed Renewals
Delayed Payments
Delayed Change of Address
Unregistered Cash

These Are Expense Items Which You Can Turn
Into Profit In Fact Only You Can Do It

To us you are not customers . . . you are not merely subscribers — you are Friends. Because you are interested not only in what The Sign is but in what The Sign is trying to do.

The picture above tells a real story. Expense is expense. When expense means costs which are *necessary* everyone can understand. But when expense means *waste* — it is just that.

Every item — and there are others — listed above is really unnecessary expense. You control them. Won't you help us cut them?

DELAYED RENEWALS mean extra mailing. That's expensive. Acknowledge

your expiration notice. A note — even saying "No" — will save money.

UNREGISTERED CASH is easily "lost." Lost to you and to us.

USE FORM ENVELOPES for returns. It saves you an envelope and time here for us.

UNFULFILLED PLEDGES. A pledge from you to subscribe is your word to us. Circumstances may prevent your keeping it. We understand. A note from you will save unnecessary mailing.

You can help us cut expense. And every bit of it saved means so much more toward what The Sign is trying to do. But it depends on You.

EVERY PENNY SAVED IS A CONTRIBUTION



A Chinese Sister with Yüanling orphans

A Thousand Tomorrows

Each new dawn brings its problems and work to the missionaries. Each day makes full demands on their time and resources. Hard pressed, they carry on cheerfully and give unselfish service to the sick, the aged, the poor, to their pupils and to catechumens. Hearts are eased, bodily pains relieved, minds instructed. None is neglected.

But in spite of war and disease and banditry, the Sisters of Charity are making definite plans for an institution that will be of far-reaching importance

to the Catholic Church in Western Hunan.

Pagan parents are showing increasing interest in Catholic education. They are begging for facilities for their children to be taught by the Sisters of Charity in Yüanling. Conscious that instruction is their special field, the Sisters are keenly disappointed that so many prospective Christians must be turned away.

And so, while engaged at their daily tasks, the Sisters vision a thousand tomorrows—those future days when they can erect a new school which will accommodate the Chinese girls who wish to be educated by them. They ask your immediate help. Offerings sent to THE SIGN for this purpose will be forwarded to them.

YÜANLING
SCHOOL FUND



THE SIGN Union City, N. J.



Chinese Girl Scouts of the Yüanling Mission

